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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

POPE BENEDICT XV

FOREIGN press comment upon the death of Pope Benedict naturally dealt largely with the attitude of the Holy See during the war. French papers laid unusual stress upon the late Pope's friendliness to their country, on account of the recent resumption of official relations with the Vatican.

The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, controlled by conservative Lutheran interests, commends the Pope for resisting the pressure which Entente propagandists brought to bear upon the Holy See to condemn Germany for invading Belgium, sinking the Lusitania, and deporting Belgian workers; and for his resolute and uncompromising neutrality. His attempt to alleviate the asperities of the blockade which was continued against Germany after the Armistice, and his intervention in behalf of war prisoners, are also commended. This review of the Pope's life work, signed by a Lutheran pastor, concludes as follows: 'We do not doubt that Catholic historians will rank him among the great heads of the Church.'

The Tory *Saturday Review*, after noting the new situation created by the elimination of Austria as a great Catholic power, observes that Spain, the sole remaining pillar of the Church in Europe, and Ireland, are the only two nations where the Church of Rome 'maintains its ancient and unchallenged dominance in the hearts of the people.' However, in the New World 'there is a very different tale to tell.' The strength of the Catholic communities in Canada, Australia, and the United States, in the opinion of this journal, is making 'the Church of Rome . . . an English-speaking Church,' from which it infers that 'if not at this Conclave, then at the next, the Cardinals may be faced with the task of finding, after a lapse of seven hundred years, a successor to Nicholas Breakespeare.'

The *Nation*, reviewing the failure of the Pope's peace efforts during the war, says that the frenzy of nationalism into which the people of Europe had been whipped by the stress of hostilities made 'the wisdom of the Pope, in that madhouse, the most egregious folly.' He proposed that henceforth the moral force of right should take the place of the material force of arms, advocated compulsory arbitration with sanctions against disobedience, and proposed to assure the liberty and community of the seas. He was opposed to claims for indemnities. However, the secret treaties had already pledged the belligerent powers to a very differ-

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ent kind of peace, and these efforts were doomed to sterility from the first.

Vincent M'Nabb, writing in the *New Witness* from the viewpoint of a devout Catholic, says that Benedict's 'pathetic efforts after peace may one day be looked on, not merely as the desire of a peacemaker, but as the vision of a true statesman. . . .'

This Servant of the Servants of God may have been weak or untimely: his weakness or his untimeliness were but the inevitable imperfection that besets all men — even the little group of seers who die by their own doing, because they are men of desires. Few successors of St. Peter have had a larger share of that saint's self-reproachfulness than had Benedict XV, who was called to a crisis almost greater than that which ended with St. Peter's crucifixion. Yet before Giacomo Della Chiesa said his last '*Ave atque Vale*' to the Great Chair, he must have felt, if only as a temptation to his lowliness, that when other thrones had been leveled with the ground the Throne of the Fisherman was still standing with steadfastness undiminished and honor increased.

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PEN AND GOWN ON PROHIBITION

PROHIBITION, which is being debated earnestly enough in Scotland and among certain classes in England and Wales, has become a subject upon which the less intensely serious-minded intellectuals of Great Britain are exercising their acumen. This issue crops up in a lively press-duel between Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton, in which Mr. Shaw announces himself as upon the whole 'pro-Pussyfoot.' He says: —

If a natural choice between drunkenness and sobriety were possible in our civilization, I should leave the people free to choose. But when I see an enormous capitalist organization pushing drink under people's noses at every corner, and pocketing the price whilst leaving me and others to pay the colossal damages, then I am prepared to smash that organization and make it as easy for a poor man to be sober if he wants to as it is for his dog.

To this Mr. Chesterton replies that Mr. Shaw

actually mentions the truth and then misses it. People may suffer from the brewer and the publican, particularly as what they sell is often not beer but some chemical compound which modern science has provided to poison men. . . . When people's brains are tired, as they are now, it is very much easier to look at the symptoms than at the cause. They say, therefore, that if we abolish the public-house a lot of these evils would not occur; just as when the evil has become so bad that people go out, as they soon may, with bricks and stones and kill other people, it may be said that if we were to abolish bricks and stones there would be no riots.

The same question was recently debated at the Oxford Union, where the Drys won by a majority of 34 in a total vote of 392. Among the debaters whose remarks are reported in the London papers was an American student who spoke on the Prohibition side. One of the wittiest speeches was by an opponent of Prohibition, who convulsed his British auditors with his description of the modest men 'who never take a whiskey and soda, though they accept soda water in the spirit in which it is offered.'

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A BRITISH POLITICAL FORECAST

E. T. RAYMOND predicts in the *London Outlook* that England is entering upon a period of great political change, probably of great political instability. Coalitions are seldom enduring constructions, and the strength of the one now in power is due chiefly to the weakness of its opponents. Labor, under unskillful leadership, has filled not only the middle classes but most of the working people with profound distrust. The

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Independent Liberals, who are the true inheritors of the great traditions of that party, lack inspiring leaders. Mr. Asquith commands respect, but is not a good captain for a beaten army. Lord Grey is handicapped by his peerage and his lack of familiarity with domestic questions. An immediate election, with the Coalition reasonably harmonious, will probably result in a victory for the present Ministry. Such an election promises to strengthen Labor and the Independent Liberals, but nevertheless will leave the Conservatives the largest single party. It may take five or six years to restore the realities of party government in Great Britain.

Indeed, the first skirmishes of the coming political campaign have already been fought. Lord Birkenhead virtually opened the battle on the first of February, with a vigorous speech defending the Coalition and attacking with especial severity Lord Grey and Lord Robert Cecil. The *Spectator*, usually not unfriendly to the Coalition, comments upon the speech as follows: 'Readers of all this denunciation of Lord Grey will hardly be able to refrain from the reflection that every stone thrown, however justly, at Lord Grey hits Mr. Lloyd George — in whose interest Lord Birkenhead was supposed to be speaking — very much harder.' These charges mostly relate to the policy of the Government at the outbreak of the war and to the relations with Ulster. Upon one question all political parties in Great Britain seem to be agreed — the need of new leaders.

PARIS POLITICAL COMMENT

THE correspondence and editorial comment which have passed between Mr. Wickham Steed of the *Times* and Mr. Auguste Gouvain of *Débats*, to which we referred in our issue of March the fourth, has had a considerable repercussion in the French press, where the alienation of American sentiment is beginning to be taken very seriously. Jacques Bardoux, writing in *L'Opinion*, asserts that if the Washington Conference had not succeeded in terminating the alliance between England and Japan and appeasing the conflict between China and Japan, a war in the Pacific was certain. The prosperity and perhaps the future of the United States was staked on the success of the Conference. Instead of appreciating the urgency of this critical situation, Briand felt that the occasion called for an eloquent attempt to dissipate the illusion that France was an imperialist nation. 'It seems certain that the first contact between these blunt, outspoken business men, rigid Puritans, and preoccupied realists, and our Mediterranean orators, more familiar with the rules of rhetoric and brilliant periods than with Bible quotations and the teaching of history, produced a feeling of disappointment and embarrassment on both sides.' Furthermore, M. Briand's speech reached the American public in an unfortunate translation, which minimized its moderate, pacific, and constructive passages and emphasized its belligerent tone. But the capital blunder of France — as Mr. Steed asserts, the American public knows, and this writer admits — was in widening the breach thus started by her excessive naval claims.

However, and this is the new point in Jacques Bardoux's argument, the British delegates appeared at the Conference 'with their minds made up to eliminate France from any Pacific understanding.' According to this writer the British delegation still further compromised the good understanding between France and America by countenancing several serious misrepresentations: 'the fictitious con-

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troversy between Schanzer and Briand, the fictitious Siberian treaties, the incorrect quotation of Castex (with reference to the submarines), and the fictitious Jusserand incident of January 27.'

After reviewing the work of the Conference, this author says: 'In all questions relating to China and Japan which still remain open, France will support without reserve or qualification the American position.'

According to the *London Outlook* a prominent French politician and ex-Cabinet Minister, who has served under Poincaré, recently expressed an opinion of the new Premier very different from that generally held abroad. He said: 'M. Poincaré is one of those statesmen who begin a discussion by banging the table but never the door. My fear is that two or three months hence he will make even more concessions to the British standpoint than M. Briand himself would ever have made. There is only one "strong man" in France, and he is President Millerand, who is also more farsighted than is generally believed. Millerand's idea in calling Briand to power was to get the Left to accept the renewal of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. His idea in calling Poincaré to the Premiership is to get the Right to accept concessions to the British standpoint'

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GERMANY'S KAISERDÄMMERUNG

As was to be expected, the Germans are beginning to analyze exhaustively the real or fancied degenerative tendencies which existed during the last years of the Imperial régime. Such a 'decline and fall' is a two-volume *Chronicle of Society under the Last Empire*, which has just been published at Hamburg. These volumes consist of descriptive articles which appeared in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* between 1894 and 1914 upon current conditions in Germany. The compiler and editor is a Conservative — a member of one of the old military families. However, he viewed with something resembling Catonic reprobation the tendencies of his times. The Golden Age of the Empire was already passed when the present century dawned. The court and society scandals of the next decade were the heralds of moral decline. The steps of the descent are recorded in detail. The laxities and vices of the Kaiser's entourage were but symptoms of a process pervading society — at least the nobility — as a whole. Disclosure after disclosure of Germany's pathological changes not only discredited the nation abroad, but undermined the respect and confidence of the people in their rulers.

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SELF-HELP IN VIENNA

VIENNA workmen have built themselves several cottage settlements in the outskirts of Vienna. According to a correspondent of the *Times*, 'courage, coöperation, and hard work have triumphed over difficulties which Capital could not afford to face.' One of these settlements already contains some thirty completed homes and promises within a year or two to have two hundred and fifty four-room cottages, each with its garden and chicken houses, and a central farm to supply the settlers with milk and bacon.

Each member who joins one of these coöperative groups pledges himself to do at least fifteen hundred hours' work on any house the coöperative has in hand — not necessarily his own. The materials are largely obtained on the spot. They are sand and gravel, mixed with water and a little cement, and moulded in hand presses.

This idea has developed from the individual efforts of young workmen who were forced by the lack of housing

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accommodations during the war to erect temporary huts and shelters for themselves on little allotments of land accessible to the city, provided by philanthropists and the Government. From that came the plan of forming groups and building a better type of dwelling. The principal one of these new villages has the significant name of Friedenstadt, or 'Peaceville.'

According to the latest Vienna correspondence in the London papers, prices which a few months ago had not adjusted themselves to the precipitate decline of the crown in international exchange have risen very rapidly since January 1, so that they are now about on a par with prices in other European capitals. According to one of these accounts railway fares have been advanced nearly 900 per cent.

Before the war the school enrollment of Vienna increased, upon an average, five thousand a year. Since 1914, however, the school attendance has decreased from 258,000 to 168,000, and further decrease is predicted.

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RUSSIAN PENAL STATISTICS

ACCORDING to a report by Smirnov, Chairman of the Moscow Revolutionary Tribunal, during the four years from 1918 to 1921, inclusive, the Soviet courts of that city held 750 criminal trials, hearing charges against 2982 persons. Of these, 580 were acquitted and 2402 found guilty. More than three fourths of all the persons brought to trial were charged with malfeasance in office, counter-revolution, or speculation. The punishments inflicted were as follows: —

Death by shooting	178
Confinement in internment camps	216
Confinement at hard labor	1036
Hard labor without confinement	177
Indeterminate imprisonment	476
Other punishments	319

Of the 187 death sentences, 10 were for counter-revolution, 46 for misconduct in public office, including 30 cases of bribery, 74 for robbery, 14 for speculation, and 13 for other crimes.

Apparently these figures do not include cases tried by the Extraordinary Commission, although this is not definitely stated.

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MINOR NOTES

HUGO STINNES has extended his industrial empire by notable acquisitions during the past twelve months. Last spring he acquired the important Alpine Montan-Gesellschaft in Styria, including some of the best iron mines of Central Europe. This company's furnaces have a capacity of nearly three quarters of a million tons of pig iron per annum; its coal mines have an output of more than five million tons a year. He next proceeded to acquire a sufficient interest in the North-German-Lloyd — in addition to his previous control of several important freight lines — to ensure his hold upon that company. The latter move may bring him into rivalry with American capital, which is said now to be heavily interested in the Hamburg-American Company, the principal independent competitor of the North-German-Lloyd.

THE idea is generally prevalent that the automobile industry in the United States is more important, in comparison with other branches of manufacturing, than in any other country. This is not true. Automobile-making ranks third among our industries, and first among the industries of Italy. The Fiat Company, which is the largest in Italy, owns works at Turin covering a site of several hundred acres, and is erecting at Lingotto, just outside the town, a new factory which will be completed this March.

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ACCORDING to an estimate made by the *London Economist* on the basis of official figures, the net reductions in wages in Great Britain during 1921 range from 7*s*. 10*d*. per week in public utilities to £2 sterling per week in mining and quarrying. The reductions in case of iron and steel workers follow closely those of the miners, amounting to £1 19*s*. 7*d*. a week. In the building trades the reduction was 13*s*. 6*d*., in the textile trade, 12*s*. 11*d*., and in engineering and shipbuilding, 12*s*. 3*d*. Railway servants had their wages reduced on an average of 8*s*. 6*d*. per week.

WE seldom associate France in these days with maritime records; but the largest sailing ship afloat is under her flag, and commanded by a Breton captain. She is *La France*, a steel bark 418 feet long, of 5633 tons burden. She has logged 421 knots a day in a hurricane and has sailed at 14 knots an hour for six consecutive days. Her best fair-weather run is 322 knots. She is a five-master, hoists thirty sails, and carries a crew of fifty-four. The sails are cut and hand-sewed on board the vessel.

IT is reported that the French Government intends to establish a customs office in Budapest, where duties upon Hungarian goods going to France will be collected. Duties upon French goods, exported to Hungary from France, will be paid by means of a clearing between the French customs department in Budapest and the Hungarian customs authorities.

DR. KARL MUCK, of unhappy war memory in Boston, is now conducting — with much acclaim in the Spanish press — a Wagner cycle in Madrid.

ENGLAND and Wales had the lowest death rate on record in 1921, and the lowest rate of infantile mortality for any year, with one exception — 1920. On the other hand, the birth rate was the lowest on record except for the war years, 1915–1919.

La Prensa of Buenos Aires, in a contributed article upon the mineral industries of Brazil, describes the large deposits of iron ore in the state of Minas Geraes, which has an area of some nine thousand square miles. Some seventy deposits of hematite have already been explored within this district, which is estimated to contain some one billion tons of mineral. Early this year the Brazilian Government entered into a contract with the Itabara Iron Company, Limited, to construct and operate coke ovens, steel works, and rolling mills. The original plant is to consist of a smelting furnace with a capacity approaching four hundred tons a day, two Bessemer converters, and rail and plate mills. French capitalists representing the Schneider Company are also inspecting the region with a view to opening mines and possibly erecting furnaces.

A RADICAL Paris paper, *Ère Nouvelle*, has recently renewed its attacks upon the Government for the financial and military aid and encouragement given to Poland. After recruiting, organizing, and equipping General Haller's army of 100,000 men; and supplying the Poles, late in 1919, with 327,000 rifles, 2800 machine guns, 1494 pieces of artillery, 291 airplanes, and several hundred million cartridges and shells, — practically all of which was lost to the Bolsheviki during the spring campaign of 1920, — the French Government spent 800 million francs during 1920 and 1921 for other military purposes in Poland. Zeligowski's troops, which seized the Vilna district and still retain it, are equipped with French arms and supplied with French materials.

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A NEAR VIEW OF INDIA

BY AN INDIAN CORRESPONDENT

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, January* 21, 28
(Liberal Political and Literary Weekly)

Once upon a time an Indian whom I know undertook a railway journey in his own country. He had lain down to sleep when the door of the carriage opened and an Englishman entered and greeted him as follows: 'Here, get out of that!' The greeting was instinctive. The Englishman meant no harm by it. It was the sort of thing one had to say to a native whom one found sprawling in a first-class compartment, or what would happen to the British Raj? 'Do you want your head knocked off?' the Indian retorted. A dust-up seemed imminent, but no, the threat was just what the Englishman understood. He said, 'I say, I'm awfully sorry, I did n't know you were that sort of person,' and they settled down together amicably. Argument, apologies, appeals to the station master or the courts, would have been useless; the Indian had taken the only possible course, and saved the situation.

Ten years passed and the same man went for another railway journey. It was he who entered the carriage this time, while an Englishman, an officer, was in occupation. The latter sprang up with empressement and began to shift his kit. 'Here, take my berth, it's the best; I'm getting out soon.' 'No, why should I?' 'Oh, no, take it, man, that's all right; this is your country, not mine.' The Indian remarked grimly: 'Don't do this sort of thing, please. We don't appreciate it any more than the old sort. We know you have been told you must do it.' The unfortunate officer was silent. It was so. Orders had come down from Headquarters enjoining courtesy, and in his attempt to save the British Raj he had exceeded them.

This hasty and ungraceful change of position is typical of Anglo-India to-day. Something like a stampede can be observed. Some officials have changed out of policy; they know that they can no longer trust their superiors to back them up if they are rude or overbearing — even the Collector of B——, whose woes I will presently relate, has probably learned his lesson by this time. Others have undergone a genuine change of heart. They respect the Indian because he has proved himself a man. They allude to the present crisis less with bitterness than with a wistful melancholy. They dread the reforms, but propose to work them. 'Yes, it's all up with us,' is their attitude. 'Sooner or later the Indians will tell us to go. I hope they'll tell us nicely. I expect they will — they're always very nice to me.' One can't call such an attitude cowardly. It is a recognition, though a muddle-headed one, of past mistakes. The decent Anglo-Indian of to-day realizes that the great blunder of the past is neither political nor economic nor educational, but social; that he was associated with a system that supported rudeness in railway carriages, and is paying the penalty.

The penalty is inevitable. The mischief has been done, and though friendships between individuals will continue and courtesies between high officials increase, there is little hope now of

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spontaneous intercourse between the two races. The Indian has taken up a new attitude. Ten or fifteen years ago he would have welcomed attention, not only because the Englishman in India had power, but because the etiquette and customs of the West, his inevitable destiny, were new to him and he needed a sympathetic introducer. He has never been introduced to the West in the social sense, as to a possible friend. We have thrown grammars and neckties at him, and smiled when he put them on wrongly — that is all. For a time he suffered, and it was with shame and resentment that he found himself excluded from our clubs. He was sensitive and affectionate; he had a traditional respect for authority, and longer than was quite dignified he courted us, and we, quick to note servility, smiled at one another again, and remarked that we ought never to have given him education, since it only made him unhappy. To-day he has ceased to suffer. He has learned to put on neckties the right way, or his own way, or whatever one is supposed to do with a necktie. He has painfully woven, without our assistance, a new social fabric, and, as he proceeds with it, he has grown less curious about the texture of ours. The other day, traveling in the districts of a great native State, I reached a remote town which had only 12,000 inhabitants, and was over 80 miles from a railway station. The scenery was magnificent, the antiquities superb — but that is another story; we are concerned with the local club, which had a membership of sixty, and to which the officials and other residents repaired every evening. No Englishman had helped them — none existed — and few of them knew English, but they had provided themselves with the usual appliances — a tennis court, a billiard table, cards, chess (which they played in the wrong, or Oriental, fashion, allowing the king to move like a knight); they had taken what they wanted from the West, and were using it instead of being used by it. A club of officials is nowhere a thing of beauty, and this one was architecturally the sole blot on the town. But there it was, created and alive. It proved to those lonely uplands that modern India is socially independent of the Englishman at last, and does not care how Englishmen amuse themselves, nor whether they are amused. The problem has been solved. But at the expense of greater problems elsewhere.

'Oh, but their womenfolk!' That parrot cry still arises, though less shrilly than formerly. 'My husband says he does n't see why he should let an Indian see his wife when the Indian won't let him see his wife.' The purdah difficulty, a real one, has been seized upon by Anglo-India, and has been emphasized and exaggerated, and even made an excuse for official discourtesy. It is useless to point out that purdah in India is not impenetrable, that the Parsis do not observe it, and the Marathas only in modified form; that even Islam moves towards a change. One expected that Englishwomen would be sympathetic, but no: the eyes and voice hardened, and 'My husband says he does n't see why' again rent the air. And if one said that one had actually shared in Indian family life, both Mohammedan and Hindu, been on motor drives, sat on chairs or the floor as the case might be, the eyes grew incredulous, and the voice changed the conversation as improper. If the Englishman might have helped the Indian socially, how much more might the Englishwoman have helped! But she has done nothing, or worse than nothing. She deserves, as a class, all that the satirists have said about her, for she has instigated the follies of her male when she might have calmed them and set him on the sane course.

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There has been an English as well as an Indian purdah, and it has done greater harm because it was aggressive. Instead of retiring quietly behind the curtain, it flaunted itself as a necessity, and proclaimed racial purity across a live wire. Things are better to-day. There are institutions like the Willingdon Club at Bombay, where men and women of both races can meet. And the lady who said to me eight years ago, 'Never forget that you 're superior to every native in India except the Rajahs, and they're on an equality,' is now a silent, if not an extinct, species. But she has lived her life, and she has done her work.

This social friction, it is sometimes said, only affects the educated classes, and we need not consider their feelings, since they did not help to win the war and would run away if the Afghans invaded. This argument ignores—among other points—all the uneducated Indians who collide with uneducated Englishmen. There is a great 'Second Society' where the disasters of club-land are enacted in a cruder form, and beneath Second Society lie other strata, all echoing the footfalls from the top. Here is the sepoy, back from France, failing to see why the Tommy should have servants and punkahs when he has none. And here is the European chauffeur who drives through the streets shouting at the pedestrians and scattering them; the looks of hatred they cast back at him show how deep the trouble goes. India is not Westernized yet, but she is more closely knit than she used to be, and an impact by the West on one part of her frame is transmitted to others. When the Collector of B—— fined a pleader two hundred rupees for appearing before him in a Gandhi cap, he thought, no doubt, that the matter would stop where it was. He told the pleader to come back again in two hours' time. He did, still wearing the cap, and was fined two hundred more rupees. The pleader appealed; the case was tried locally, by an English judge, and decided against the Collector; and the population of B——, which had hitherto worn any old thing on its head, at once trotted into Gandhi caps and escorted the Collector with shouts of *Mahatma Gandhi ki jai* whenever he went out for a ride on his not very good motor-bicycle. The population ought to have weighed the illegality and insolence of the Collector against the fairness of the judge, and to have given the British Raj the benefit of the doubt. But the mind of a mob does n't work thus. The attack on an educated Indian reacted in thousands of uneducated veins, and swelled the cause of Nationalism.

India to-day is a chopping sea, and this social question is only one of its currents. There are Mohammedans and Hindus; there are Labor and Capital; there are the native princes and the Constitutionalists. Where the sea will break, what wave will uprise, no man can say; perhaps in the immediate future the chief issue will not be racial, after all. But isolating the question, one may say this: firstly, that responsible Englishmen are far politer to Indians now than they were ten years ago, but it is too late because Indians no longer require their social support; and, secondly, that never in history did ill-breeding contribute so much toward the dissolution of an Empire.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but in the case of the visit of the Prince of Wales nearly everyone was wise before it also. With the exception of the contractors and the extremists, scarcely anyone in India wished him to come. The Army did not want him, nor did the Civil Service outside Simla, nor did the responsible merchants in Bombay and elsewhere, nor did the native rulers, whose finances are scarcely recovering

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from the visit of his great-uncle, nor did the educated Indians, whether friendly or hostile to the Government, nor did the people. All agreed, whatever their politics or rank, that now is not the time for a solemn and delicate ceremonial, that the existence of the tie between England and India should not be emphasized at the moment it is under revision, that the ancient troubles and complicated sorrows of a continent cannot be soothed by sending a pleasant young man about in railway trains, all handshakes and jollity, and proclaiming in his graver moments that he is 'anxious to learn.' No doubt the Prince is anxious, and no doubt he will learn, but it will be at the expense of other people. While his visit has intensified existing problems, it has also created problems of its own. His safety has to be secured, and the unfortunate Government, afflicted with Moplahs and the Diarchy and other genuine difficulties, has in addition to persuade hundreds of millions of people not to be rude. All this was foreseen, and, though apparently avoidable, has come to pass. Fate did not conceal what was written in her scroll.

Imperial pride and the will of a Viceroy are the agents through which Fate has worked. It was unseemly to our weavers of Empire that a royal progress should be twice postponed; it would look as if they doubted India's enthusiasm; it would look what it was, in fact. Prestige can only be maintained by pretending it has not been questioned. And this high logic was confirmed by the considered conclusions of Lord Reading. Whom the Viceroy consulted, it is difficult to say; I am told, on good authority, that in inviting the Prince he acted against the advice of his Provincial Governors, who reported public opinion as everywhere hostile, and in accordance with the assurances of his Indian counselors, Pandit Malaviya and others, who promised adequate success. Which account, if true, shows how little eminent Indians can know about their own countrymen; but anyhow, it is easier to believe than another account, which says that the Prince has come to India because he wanted to come. A few people argued that he came in order to announce some dramatic boon, such as was conferred by his father at Delhi—an acceptable settlement with Turkey, perhaps; but the Viceroy has pointed out that any such announcement would be unconstitutional, and that we must expect nothing from this visit but the honor of it.

It is in Calcutta that the new trouble started. The Bombay riots, terrible to the victims, did not harm the Government, because they provoked a reaction in the visitor's favor, and placed Mr. Gandhi in a difficult position. The reception at Bombay was not bad, and after it the Prince disappeared into the deserts of Rajputana, dining with the Maharajah of Rutlam, staying with the Maharani of Udaipur, who is descended from the sun, all of which is easy and safe. But when he reappeared in British India, at Allahabad, a changed atmosphere awaited him, because, during his tour in the Native States, the Government had taken to repression. The day of his landing (November 17) had, in Calcutta, been observed as a Hartal and as a full-dress rehearsal of the reception intended for him. Eyewitnesses — awed Englishmen — bring amazing accounts. They say that the volunteer organization was perfect, with police and permits complete, and displayed a calm enthusiasm that was very impressive, and an efficiency that could only come from careful preparation. The discovery that Indians can run a great city without European assistance filled the Calcutta merchants with dismay, and they appealed to Lord Ronaldshay. The volunteer organizations

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were declared illegal, and extensive arrests followed, both in Bengal and elsewhere in British India.

As a result of this firm policy the Prince, when he reached Allahabad, was greeted by five miles of deserted streets, and by scarcely any bunting. He is said to have resented the insult, and if so, it shows how completely he has been secluded from reality, for he ought to have known that such an insult was possible at any moment of the tour. The spirit of self-sacrifice in Indians is often spasmodic and temporary, but while it lasts it is supreme, nothing can stand against it, and at the moment of writing most of the educated population is ready to go to jail. The Moderates are deserting the Government because their protests against the arrests have been ignored. Important Indian officials resign their posts, often under pressure from the zenana. The wife and daughters of a member of the U. P. Government go on hunger-strike, and his withdrawal from public life can only be a matter of hours. A man whose brother has been arrested condoles with the sister-in-law; she, and his own sisters, repulse him indignantly; there is nothing to mourn here, they say, it is those who have not gone to jail who should feel sorrow and shame. Another lady, whose husband expects arrest, tries to learn how to carry on his Swaraj work in his absence, although unsympathetic to Swaraj, and prefers to remain unguarded, when he leaves her, rather than return to the comfort of her family. These three instances, all with names attached, happened to come to my notice; there must be thousands more, proving that the women as well as the men are desperate. Heroism is common in no country, and few Indians could share, with Mr. Gandhi, a martyrdom deliberate, long-drawn, and obscure. But any Government can create heroism by foolish edicts, as Rome found when she directed the Early Christians to worship the Emperor, and the Government of India is finding in consequence of its semimystical parade of the Prince of Wales.

Fresh-featured and smiling, the Prince has, of course, certain human assets, and the students of Benares University are said to have been delighted with his appearance, and to have cheered when a turban was put on his head. But it is doubtful whether his jolly, democratic manner, so welcome to our colonies, will suit a land which was once the nursery, and is still the lumber room, of kings. If royalty is to go down in India it must go down strong. The Prince's naïve hesitations, his diffidence, his friendly avowals of ignorance, do not produce the effect intended. Indians wish he was having a nicer time, and could have come privately for some sport; but his royal aspect is not discussed, nor has he revealed it himself in any of his public utterances. What he does or is they do not discuss; they are not interested, because he represents no tradition which they can recognize—not Alamgir's, nor Sivaji's, nor even Queen Victoria's. He belongs to the chatty, handy type of monarch which the West is producing rather against time, and of which the King of the Belgians is the leading example. It is a type that can have no future in India. If it crowned another work, if the subordinate Englishmen in the country had also been naïve and genial, if the subalterns and Tommies and European engineers and schoolmasters and policemen and magistrates had likewise taken their stand upon a common humanity instead of the pedestal of race — then the foundation of a democratic Empire might have been well and truly laid. But the good-fellowship cannot begin at the top; there it will neither impress the old-

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fashioned Indian who thinks a Prince should not be a fellow, nor conciliate the Oxford-educated Indian who is excluded from the local Club. It will be interpreted as a device of the Government to gain time, and as an evidence of fear. Until the unimportant Englishmen here condescend to hold out their hands to 'natives,' it is waste of money to display the affabilities of the House of Windsor.

By the time these remarks are printed the progress will be nearly over. Direct protests are unlikely, because the idea of abstention has entered deeply into the Indian mind. On the other hand, the methods of non-coöperation pass inevitably into violence; the line between persuasion and compulsion is difficult to draw; and there will be endless obscure tussles between the shopkeepers who have closed and those who want to remain open, tussles in which the authorities gladly intervene: 'To protect law-abiding citizens and to enforce order.'

THE RED ARMY

BY LEON TROTZKY

[Trotzky's speech before the Ninth Soviet Congress at Moscow, on the twenty-eighth of last December, the significant paragraphs of which we print below, outlined a policy which the Congress subsequently approved. Recent reports from Russia state that Lenin proposed in the Central Executive Committee to reduce the strength of the army fifty per cent. Trotzky opposed this in a speech in which he referred to the coming Geneva Conference as a trap set expressly to catch Russia, and Lenin's proposal was rejected by a heavy majority.]

From *Moscow Isvestiya, December* 28
(Official Bolshevist Daily)

We can now speak plainly of things which were considered but recently profound military secrets. At the period of the greatest development of our military forces, our army had in its ranks 5,300,000 men. We decided at first to reduce this figure to 2,700,000, but the general international situation gave us an opportunity to reduce it still more. As a result we now have a total effective force of 1,595,000, including the Red Fleet, the army proper consisting of 1,370,000 men.

To demobilize an army is not an easy task. It has no heroic incidents, no tales of deeds of valor. The general public scarcely notices it. But we military men know how a great demobilization strains every nerve of the army organism. We began the contraction with troops stationed in the interior; at first we reduced this part of the army to seventy per cent. Then we reduced the active forces. Now, when the army is all being transferred to a peace footing, we can speak with definiteness as to its actual strength. At the present time we have ninety-five infantry and forty-nine cavalry brigades.

We began by demobilizing the older men, those born in 1885, and finally reached those born in 1899. We were

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preparing to demobilize the class of 1899 as well, but there appeared signs of new perturbations, and we found ourselves obliged to exercise caution and stop the demobilization of this class. Consequently the soldiers of the class of 1899 were left in the ranks, since they have the greatest experience and technical knowledge.

This is the general scheme. It is now for the Congress of Soviets to say whether we are to continue demobilization or to interrupt it. The Commissariat of War is certain that the Red Army is now eager to reach a stable peace footing, in order to devote all its attention to routine drill and instruction.

The Red Army is passing through a trying stage of its history. It has ceased to be active, and has ceased to be the centre of public attention. Other urgent matters are taking precedence in the public mind, and the care given the army has become, to say the least, inadequate. Questions of equipment, of food, and of living-quarters are acute even now, when the effective strength has been reduced to one third of what it was before. No matter how poor we are, we can still do much for our young Red Army soldiers. We can make their life, as well as their barracks, clean, warm, and pleasant. The soldiers recently called to the colors are young. They have not passed through the school of battle. They must be taught, guided, and trained.

The Red Army is recruited from all ranks and classes. It consists of workmen and peasants, commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the last wars, and professional military men of the old régime. Nearly half, or 43.4 per cent, of the commanding personnel have never received any professional training. From the point of view of the old army methods, this is a great defect. But we can be proud of this percentage. These 43.4 per cent are the real heart of our commanding personnel. They are workmen and peasants, trained in battle, Red officers of the revolution, who have not had time to receive special military education, because the revolution tore them away from the factories and the fields and sent them to be trained in battle. They have had their training, and they have learned. That we know very well.

Former non-commissioned officers constitute thirteen per cent; Red commanders who have received special training, ten per cent; officers promoted during the war, twenty-two per cent; military officials, six per cent; officers of the cadre, five per cent. The Red Army has been a huge melting-pot for this varying human material and has moulded out of it the figures it needs. We have had to form our commanding personnel from all sources, including the former officers of the cadre. These officers have performed great services for us. We needed them. They gave us training, but at the same time they themselves learned much.

As to social origin, the army is composed of the following groups: more than sixty-seven per cent are peasants; twelve per cent are workmen; and the rest are from other classes. Remember this figure particularly, you peasant comrades; remember that more than sixty-seven per cent of our active troops have come from your midst, and tell it in your villages.

Before the last inspection of the Communist Party, twenty per cent of the commanding personnel consisted of Communists, whereas in the rank and file the Communists constituted ten per cent.

During the current year the Red Army has been occupied mainly in suppressing bandits. The first half of the year was marked by a monstrous growth of bandit outrages. They

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occurred in Kronstadt, in Tambov, in Siberia, in the Caucasus, and in the Ukraine. This form of lawlessness has been practically stamped out.

But the second half of the year presents a different picture. There is a fundamental change in the situation. Not only have separate bands been destroyed, but the evil has been eradicated. This is due to the efforts of the Red Army, coupled with our new economic policy. As far as the peasantry is concerned, the motives for these outrages have ceased.

A classical example of this is the Makhno movement. Petlura's Department of Foreign Relations (there is really such a department!) recently informed the 'Petlura representatives' abroad, that when Makhno himself arrived in Rumania, he was asked about conditions in Russia. His reply was: 'Makhno's detachments, after Wrangel's defeat, had to seek other allies in Russian territory. They tried the Don region, but found insufficient anti-Bolshevist forces there. Then they turned east, to Antonov, but found no help there. They tried Kursk, but encountered only scant sympathy. So they found themselves constrained to move their "forces" abroad.'

At first Makhno's detachments thought of going into Poland. Then they decided to go to Rumania. But does that make any difference? As far as Soviet Russia is concerned, Poland and Rumania are merely two rooms of the same house.

Why is it that we cannot reduce our army further? Here are some of the reasons.

In the district of the Black Sea we find a newly formed 'Black Sea Committee for the Salvation of Russia.' British capital interested in oil and Italian capital interested in manganese are organizing the peasants of the Black Sea region to fight the Soviet Government. The interests of the Baku workmen are so close to the hearts of this Committee, that it organizes a special 'Committee for the Defense of the Baku oil fields from the workmen of Azerbaijan.'

In the Far East, Japan has just taken Khabarovsk from us.

Poland openly violates the Riga treaty. For example, on October 6 the Soviet Government received through its representative in Poland, Comrade Karakhan, most peaceful assurances from the Polish Government, and on October 26 hostile bands invaded Russia from beyond the Polish frontier. Such facts are numberless. Is it possible for this sort of thing to go on indefinitely? Such invasions may be called only pin-pricks; but such pricks may become so numerous as to constitute a national danger.

Conditions on the Rumanian border are no different. Our peace negotiations with Rumania have been broken off, because Rumania would not promise to remain neutral in case a third Power attacks us.

Japan throws band after band of enemies against us. These bands are paid with her money, and officered by her instructors. Here is an appeal of the Government of the Far Eastern Republic: —

> For the fourth successive year Japanese bayonets violate the will of the Russian people in the Far East. Japanese fortifications have been built on the banks of Russian rivers, and the channels of these rivers have been mined with Japanese mines. On the island of Sakhalin Japan rules as though it were her own territory, selling timber and other wealth belonging to Russia. The people of the Far East have more than once raised their voice in protest against these violations, but no one has listened to this voice.

That voice has not been heard by the capitalist countries; but it has been

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heard by the laboring masses of Soviet Russia. Great Britain, America, Japan, and partly France, rule the Pacific. On one of its shores are the domains of these Powers; on the other is the territory of the Russian workmen and peasants. The four Powers have concluded an agreement among themselves, and as a result the attacks on the Russian territory have increased; and these attacks are carried out by bands officered by the instructors of one of these Powers.

We have just received telegraphic reports that the city of Khabarovsk has been captured with the aid of the Japanese bayonets. Under these conditions, shall we remove our troops from the territory of the Far Eastern Republic? No, we can only regret that there are not enough of our troops there to defend our territories properly. But we are certain that the time will soon come when Red bayonets will be strong enough to repel the attacks of these insolent Imperialist vultures.

It is time for them to know that besides the four Powers who have just signed some sort of an agreement among themselves, there is also a fifth Power — Soviet Russia and her Red Army.

The next point of attack is Karelia. This is a country which is twice the size of Belgium, but its population is only 150,000. It is governed by Soviets of Karelian workers. But world capital is actively intriguing there through the Finnish bourgeoisie. We recall the feverish preparations made by our emigrant Tsarists and by the foreign bourgeoisie when they received the news that famine had broken out in Russia. These preparations took actual form, and by August 28 two attacks were being prepared against us, one from Poland and Rumania, and the other from Finland through Karelia. The attacks were postponed, first to September and then to October. And on October 24–5, bands, commanded by Finnish military instructors, invaded Karelia, while on October 25–6, similar bands invaded Soviet Ukraine from Bessarabia.

'Democratic' Europe thus tried to take Karelia away from us by force.

As for Japan, our Red troops and Red partisans in the region of Khabarovsk will have a special conversation with her, and this conversation will not be carried on in the diplomatic language of the Entente. But as for Finland, it is not yet clear whether she is intentionally violating the treaty which exists between us. It seems more likely that her Government is simply floating with the current. She began by tolerating the attacks of outlaw bands upon us, and has now reached the stage of armed participation.

There are people in Finland who again think that they can capture Petrograd. Such attempts were made before, and we shall no longer suffer them. I need not tell you how sincerely we desire peace. You all know it very well. But we strongly advise the Government of Finland to push neither its arms nor its legs beyond the boundaries of Soviet Russia, because they will surely be cut off. And we also advise the commanders of the Finnish army not to measure the distance between Helsingfors and Petrograd, because they may find out that the distance between Petrograd and Helsingfors is much shorter. We need not repeat that we seek no conquests. It takes all the stupidity of European newspapers, ministers, and parliamentary talkers to assert that we want to attack anybody. That is falsehood and slander. We have an army of 1,300,000, and if we consider the extent of our territory and the peculiar conditions under which we have to maintain order in that territory, we shall find that our army is

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eighteen times smaller than that of France. Promising to pay the pre-war debts of the Tsar's régime, we want to buy peace, not to engage in war. The whole bourgeois Europe knows that.

Our propaganda in the army during the present winter will consist in explaining to the soldiers things as they are. And this is the picture: on the one side a desire for peace, and on the other a series of provocations. During the past few weeks the danger has increased, rather than diminished. We shall explain this clearly to every Red Army soldier. We shall prepare for the worst. The winter we shall devote to intensive study of military science. And by the summer we shall not be caught unawares. The possibility of bloody tragedies is not excluded. I do not wish you to misunderstand my statement. But it is better to see the danger — even, perhaps, to see more than there is. By spring and summer we shall be ready for peace. But if our enemies persist in attacking us, we shall prove, if we are forced to do it, that in 1922 it is easier to extend the frontiers of Soviet Russia than to contract them.

FRENCH OCCUPATION OF THE RHINELAND

BY PROFESSOR LEVIN L. SCHÜCKING

[We print below a Liberal-Pacifist German article treating of the theme discussed by René Lauret in our issue of February 4, and by Maurice Barrès in our issue of March 4.]

From the *New Statesman, January* 28
(RADICAL LABOR WEEKLY)

SCHOPENHAUER says that every truth has only a short time of existence between the period in which it is combated as a paradox and the other period when it is looked down upon as a truism. It seems to lead to the greatest tragedies in politics that the different stages of this development are reached at different times by the different nations. If there is anything we should have learned by the war or its sequel, it is surely the doctrine that a 'national' policy, in the old sense, in the sense of the time when every nation led a life of its own, is no longer possible; that the interests of all nations are interdependent. The idea was in existence before the war, and at that time it was opposed most violently by the Germans. Now the 'blue ribbon' of unwisdom seems to have passed over to the French. What has happened at the Cannes Conference and in Paris reminds the reader in some respects of The Hague Conferences. From a merely practical point of view it would not have been so difficult, after all, even for a militarist Germany to accept the proposals made at The Hague. What she was asked to consent to was not much, and left her a free hand to go on as before in many ways. But what made her militarist heart revolt against all schemes proposed to her then was the perception of an en-

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tirely new spirit contained in them. She rebelled against the idea that a powerful nation should willingly renounce for the general good part of her freedom of action. Things at Cannes seem to have taken a similar course, although it is true that the whole situation is as dissimilar to that at The Hague more than half a generation ago, as a conference of almshouse wardens is to the annual banquet of a bankers' association. For what was offered to France at Cannes did not justify the violent resistance the Conference met with in the French Chamber. The revolt was directed against the spirit of the whole — the spirit of placability, understanding, and peaceful discussion.

It is strange that the old feeling should still be so strong in France. No doubt millions of people in France have the very best intentions, but perhaps their information is not always so full and reliable as it should be. Zola used to say: '*Il faut commencer par savoir pour être juste.*' The French people hear that Germany can pay and does not want to pay, but do they hear that according to conscientious medical examination 35 per cent of the German children in the great towns are dangerously undernourished? They hear that because the Germans try to evade their obligations the unfortunate *sinistrés* of the devastated districts are still homeless; but do they hear about the curious proceedings at Chaulnes, where everything was ready for the German workmen to begin with their reconstruction work, when suddenly the prefect appeared on the scene and 'enlightened' the population, with the result that the Germans were refused admittance? They are told about Germany's responsibility for bringing about the World War; but do they hear anything about, *e.g.*, the disclosures Theodor Wolff has lately published in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, from Russian documents, about M. Poincaré's fatal attitude at the time when the great thunderstorm was first brewing? Again and again they hear — moreover, from their highest officials, who ought to know better — that the disarmament of Germany is a mere farce. In these circumstances it is difficult for the feelings of hatred, bitterness and anxiety to abate. The feeling of anxiety especially seems still to be very strong. German superiority of numbers, the idea of 'revenge,' the possibility of new weapons being invented, the uncertain attitude of Russia (the great Sphinx in the background), are evidently so many nightmares that disturb the sleep of a great part of the French population. They want 'securities.' That is where the great vicious circle sets in. Anxiety leads to measures of oppression, oppression leads to increased hatred, increased hatred augments the anxiety. All this is grist to the militarist mill. It is the old trick of militarism to make a good bargain with real or pretended anxiety. We experimented with it in this country when the militarist parties put up cleverly designed placards in every street, till almost the last day of the war, which bore the inscription: 'Germany's fate in the next war if we do not remain in Belgium,' and showed the whole of Western Germany, from Aachen to Münster, including the Ruhr district, as one big heap of ruins. Quite a number of sensible people at the time denounced this idea openly as sheer madness. The feeling in France, however, seems to be more uniform. I am told from a most trustworthy source that almost all politicians of weight in France are determined to remain on the left bank of the Rhine after the official term of the occupation has expired.

Historically considered, this is a most extraordinary phenomenon. More than a hundred years after the democratic idea that every nationality has

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the right to exist within its own frontiers has taken hold of the world, after a century full of struggles for the realization of this great principle, in which the French nation itself has taken its full share, after a war the cause of which is to be found to a large extent in the incapacity of an antiquated government to understand the irresistibility of this principle with hitherto oppressed and half-civilized races, the French nation, whilom protagonist of democracy and liberty, ignores the existence of anything of the sort and returns from Wilson to Metternich. One tries to find special reasons for this mentality. Perhaps the idea that there is a German-speaking population in Alsace which considers itself French may have an influence. But this anomaly is only possible because in Alsace-Lorraine German traditions were entirely interrupted during a long period, a period, moreover, in which the democratic awakening of the population took place, which a nation looks back upon like a man upon his coming of age. But the Rhineland is the heart of Germany, the centre of her greatest traditions. It is sheer infatuation to think it possible to take it from her. In the French mind the idea that there are old French sympathies in the Rhineland seems to play an important part. It is true that when the French appeared on the Rhenish soil after the great Revolution they were not looked upon as enemies by all parts of the population. It was not perhaps the cream of society that joined the ragged sans-culottes in the dance around the liberty trees that were erected in the market places of Cologne and Mainz, but the great new ideas of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, whose humble representatives they were, exercised an extraordinary fascination upon the advanced elements whose political creed the German poet Seume at that time expressed in the words: 'The honest and reasonable man's fatherland is wherever he finds the most of liberty, justice, and humanity.' How things have changed since then! The only thing that has remained unaltered is the style of the French military proclamations. They still talk about *liberté, égalité, fraternité*. The style is venerable; their doings are less so.

Militarism has a psychology of its own. The way it woos the soul of the population reminds one of the attitude of the tyrants in the old tales and legends who would keep torturing a beautiful virgin until she promised to marry them, stories of which even children of feeble intellect cannot read the beginning without suspecting that they will not end well for the tyrant. In private conversation, it is true, the French officials talk of an understanding between the two nations as the most desirable thing on earth. But, meanwhile, the population is ruled with an iron rod. A child who grows up in the Rhineland in present circumstances gets impressions of constant humiliations which it is to be feared will take firm root in his mind. In no end of cases his schoolrooms are occupied for military purposes. He is not allowed to sing the national songs. The very instruction is being supervised and controlled. At home the family is crowded together in insufficient rooms because the best chambers are taken by French officers, their families and their relatives. He sees their pretensions, their style of living, the squandering of public money, and compares it with the situation of his countrymen. He is prematurely initiated into sexual things which are here on the surface of public life. He goes on the railway in overcrowded cars and notices other cars in the train that are kept empty for the occasional use of a foreign officer; he visits a fair and witnesses the *fracas* that are customary there between overbearing and drunken soldiers and the showmen; he sees the

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traffic in a great town barred for hours and the streets strewn with sand, and hears that these preparations announce the visit of a French minister; he comes home and finds his father complaining that, in order to send a small parcel by post from Düsseldorf to Switzerland, he must apply to the Entente Commission at Ems for a permit, which it takes months to get. But the feeling of bitterness which is sown in this way is very much increased by the kind of justice that is dealt out to the population by the military authorities. There exists a regulation according to which every act can be punished that serves to diminish the security or to depreciate the dignity of the occupying forces. One can imagine what this means. Some time ago a man committed suicide because his house was taken from him and he was turned into the street by the military authority. The case was mentioned at a political meeting without any comment, and the orator and the chairman were heavily fined, although the fact and its cause were not contested. Now all these things are, of course, always being discussed in the German press. It is true that the papers of the Left, especially the Socialist ones, try to publish as little as possible of them in order not to let the atmosphere get too poisoned. But their praiseworthy intentions are defeated by the brutality of the facts.

All this the French seem to look upon with a great deal of equanimity which, however, does not show much insight. It is strange that they should not have observed the great alteration that has taken place during the last two years under their eyes. There were no real French sympathies in the Rhineland, it is true, but there was a certain anti-Prussian feeling there that showed itself visibly at the time of the German revolution. If left alone, it might have facilitated a constitutional reconstruction by which the most democratically inclined western provinces would get a greater amount of autonomy. But you cannot rebuild your house if you have to be on your guard against a neighbor who only waits for the occasion to appropriate the bricks you are pulling down. So the whole movement for autonomy has come to a standstill, no party wanting to do anything that might have the appearance of paving the way for French imperialism. There remains only a small group of disreputable personalities, who still carry on pro-French propaganda with French money. It is deplorable that a sentiment which is not a sober national feeling, but real Chauvinism, should be created in the Rhineland in this way. What aggravates the case is the fact that there is not the slightest legal protext for the occupation of Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort. The French politicians again and again complain that the anti-French feeling in Germany keeps increasing. It certainly does not decrease. But how could it, with the sword of Brennus constantly before our eyes? If only we could get to know the real France instead of French militarism, which is as like the German militarism we have just got rid of as one pea is like another!

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CHINA'S COMMUNIST EXPERIMENT IN 1067 A.D.

BY CAMILLE AYMARD

[*The following narrative records an actual event in Chinese history.*]

From *La Revue de France, February* 1
(PARIS LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMI-MONTHLY)

EMPEROR SHÊN TSUNG ascended the throne of China in the year 1067 of our era, when he was scarcely twenty years of age. The first acts of his reign manifested his deep attachment to the ancient laws and customs of his people. But the condition of the Empire was very grave. A long succession of public calamities and civil wars had ravaged and desolated the land. Internecine conflicts had transformed the country into an immense arena of misery and massacre. Famine and epidemic had followed in the train of domestic turmoil. The country was half depopulated. It was flooded with revolutionary programmes and nihilist lampoons. The old Chinese Empire seemed on the verge of dissolution.

The Conservative Party, which at first enjoyed the complete confidence of the sovereign, felt itself helpless; so some of its members advised the Emperor Shên Tsung to summon a young philosopher, whose bold teachings were winning wide favor among the people and seemed to indicate the only way to counteract successfully the threatened revolution. It was thus that Wang An-shih was brought to the imperial court by the very men whom he was destined to ruin.

This young philosopher, according to the historians of the time, had an acute and subtle mind, and possessed an eloquence, wisdom, and intelligence that compelled recognition and respect from even his most bitter enemies. His persistence in pursuing any goal which he had once set himself to attain rendered him immune to discouragement. Above all, he possessed an irresistible gift for winning sympathy, an invincible power of persuasion, and a certain personal magnetism, that made him, in the days of his success, the all-powerful shadow of the Emperor and the idol of the people.

In a country where elegance of attire, refinement of manners, and ceremonial politeness are carried to a perfection unknown among Occidentals, Wang An-shih affected a brusque address and was careless of his personal appearance. His enemies described him as an eccentric and abnormal creature, unwashed and uncombed. In fact, the picture they painted of him evokes in our minds the intimidating figure of a Chinese Rasputin.

While only thirty years old, which is a very early age for a Chinese scholar, Wang An-shih was already celebrated for his brilliant success in the literary examinations and for his reputation as an implacable adversary of the nihilism which was terrifying and staining with blood the entire country. Introduced to public life by the leaders of the Conservative Party, he speedily comprehended the need of radical reforms. So he thought out a new social system, which was to inaugurate in China a rule of justice and fraternity.

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This system, which resembles remarkably modern State Socialism, was not a mere vague humanitarian dream; it was worked out in the minutest detail, ready for practical application.

Wang An-shih drew his theories and examples from the ancient annals of his country, which he invariably cited when explaining his social doctrines. The ancient times in which he sought his facts and his comparisons covered a very long period, — almost five thousand years of history, — back of which stretched indefinite ages of tradition and legend, even better adapted than history to flatter the imagination of those who scan the past for the material that they weave into their dreams of the future.

The young monarch was captivated with his new adviser and trusted him implicitly. No sooner had the latter become an imperial councilor, than he started a wide-spread and vigorous campaign of propaganda, to which he devoted all his eloquence and persuasiveness, and the seductive oratory inspired by a burning faith. He flattered Shên Tsung and secured his support by dazzling him with the prospect of becoming the glorious founder of a perfect society, based not on the misery of the masses, who were exploited by a cynical and wealthy minority, but upon equality and justice. He was wont to say: —

'Our Empire is at the most critical moment of its history. The faults and the crimes of the past are bearing their fruit of tears and misery. We must at all cost abandon our ancient errors and master and guide the revolutionary current, unless we wish to be swept away by it. Time presses; to-morrow rebels will be in control of the country. We must abolish poverty, unless we are to be destroyed by our paupers. The abolition of poverty depends solely on the will of the Emperor. He can accomplish that, if he is bold enough to act.'

From the very first, however, Wang An-shih encountered a formidable adversary among the intimates of the monarch in the person of Ssŭ Ma Kuang, chief of the Conservative Party and trusted adviser and friend of Shên Tsung.

Ssŭ Ma Kuang was a man of years and experience, an official of rare distinction, profoundly attached to the ancient traditions of China. But he was a mandarin rather than a politician. He belonged to the old race of scholars who had guided, governed, and swayed the Empire for centuries. During the hours of leisure left him by the duties of state and the courtesies of court etiquette, he devoted himself to poetry. A delightful little poem by him has been preserved. Its title is 'My Garden.' It is the description of his summer palace, situated in a pine grove threaded by winding paths that seemed to turn and twist through the dense verdure as if to hide some secret or some joy. The poem concludes thus: —

The slanting rays of the dying sun find me seated on a fallen tree,
Silently watching the agitation of a swallow flying around her nest,
Or the stratagems of a hawk trying to capture her prey.
The murmur of water, the rustling of leaves agitated by the wind,
The beauty of the unclouded heaven, plunge me into a sweet reverie.
All nature whispers to my soul. I listen with rapt attention,
And night leads me slowly to the threshold of my mansion.
My friends come at times to charm my solitude.
They read me their works and listen to mine.
Joy enlivens our frugal repast and the serious conversation that follows.
And while the Court, which I flee, smiles in voluptuous and enervating pleasure,
Lends an ear to the whisper of slander, forges shackles, and sets snares,
We here pay reverence to Wisdom and open to her our hearts.

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The grace of his thought and the refinement of his sentiment suggest the verses written by Horace during his retreat in the shady solitude of his beloved Tibur, or by Petronius escaping for a brief respite from the intrigues of Nero's blood-stained court.

Viewing with alarm the danger that threatened the Empire from the growing favor enjoyed by the new reformer, Ssŭ Ma Kuang sought to destroy his influence by a supreme effort, which if it failed might cost his own life.

At his suggestion the censors took the occasion of the present public calamity to request the sovereign, as was the custom, to consider whether he personally might not have committed some fault, or the Government might not have been guilty of some abuse, which had brought down the anger of the gods. Whereupon, Shên Tsung, obedient to tradition, believed it his duty to manifest his sadness by secluding himself in his palace and countermanding a great festival which was due to be held.

Wang An-shih saw the danger, and, deciding upon a bold stroke of fortune, summoned the Council of the Empire. Ssŭ Ma Kuang attended. The Emperor presided.

Ssŭ Ma Kuang was the first to address the Council. He described the danger of such hasty reforms as were proposed. He pointed out the perils that lurked in a too rapid change of a nation's social institutions; he painted vividly the disorder and public evils that necessarily would ensue. Epidemics, earthquakes, a protracted drought and famine, were ravaging the most prosperous provinces of the Empire. Public distress had reached a climax. Was this the time, in the midst of so much misery, to bring additional suffering on the people by brusquely changing at a single stroke the entire organization of the State?

Wang An-shih replied: 'The calamities that now afflict us have fixed and invariable causes. Earthquakes, droughts, floods, and famine have no connection with the good or evil acts of men. Do you hope, then, to change the irrevocable course of events? Do you presume that nature will suspend her laws for you?'

Thereupon Ssŭ Ma Kuang rejoined: 'Unhappy indeed are monarchs who have for their advisers men who dare to assert such maxims, and to destroy the fear of divine anger! What check will there be upon the evil impulses of men? They will deliver themselves without remorse to every excess, and their most loyal subjects will have no means of persuasion left to control them. Good citizens will feel bound to drink the poison of loyalty, in order not to witness helplessly the ruin of their monarch and of the Empire.'

However, the reformer won the day. The Emperor yielded to the advice of Wang An-shih, reconsidered his decision to go into retirement, exiled the leaders of the opposing party, distributed provisions to the people, and inaugurated a sumptuous festival. Then, utterly under the influence of his new Prime Minister, Shên Tsung organized a Permanent Reform Commission, of which Wang An-shih was the president and the moving spirit. No representative of the old Conservative Party was permitted to sit upon it.

Ssŭ Ma Kuang, realizing that he was hopelessly defeated, withdrew to his summer palace to await, as was the custom, the order to commit suicide. But he received instead a flattering note from his successful rival, complimenting him upon his independent and courageous attitude, assuring him of his esteem, and promising his safety. The old sage answered, simply: 'I have no wish to live longer, since that will compel me to witness the death of my country.'

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With all obstacles thus cleared from his course, the reformer methodically organized his new social system. Knowing how dangerous for the head of a government the passive and secret opposition of underlings may be, Wang An-shih dismissed all public functionaries upon whose blind obedience he could not count. He replaced them with his friends and disciples, men who regarded his person with an almost religious reverence and were complete converts to his system.

After thus perfecting the machinery of his reform, Wang An-shih began to issue a series of edicts, intending to establish in China an enduring reign of justice and felicity by assuring an equal distribution of labor and wealth among the citizens.

He was wont to say to his disciples: 'To attain this we must abolish poverty, and to abolish poverty we must destroy the private wealth that creates it and feeds upon it. We must destroy not only wealth but also the sources of wealth, in order that poverty may not revive. We must root out private riches, lest the plant, pruned to the ground, spring up again more vigorous than before.'

Wang An-shih first of all proclaimed throughout the Empire that the Government was the sole owner of the soil and of all other wealth, and alone had the right to determine its use.

He appointed in every district an agricultural board, whose function was to allot annually the land among the cultivators, to decide what crops should be raised on each piece of land, and to distribute seed. The quantity of land allotted to a family was determined by the number of adult members the family contained.

The crops did not belong to the one who planted them, but to the State, which was universal and sovereign proprietor. The harvests were stored in immense warehouses. The distribution of the products of the soil among the different provinces in the Empire was proportionate to the needs and numbers of the inhabitants, and was controlled by a Supreme Agricultural Board, having its headquarters at Peking. In each province the product was distributed among the heads of families, according to their size.

In the same way Wang An-shih abolished manufacturing, trade, and banking; or, better said, he converted them into public enterprises. 'For,' as he was wont to observe, 'there is only one obstacle to harmony among mankind: that is, love of gain and luxury, which has always perverted man's natural rectitude. Manufacturing, trading, and banking are responsible for the immoderate thirst for gold which corrupts and destroys the hearts of men.'

So the Government, representing and personifying the people, was the sole recipient of the wealth which hitherto had been distributed among millions of persons. These sources of income assured the support of the Government. All taxes were abolished. Great public works, like irrigation canals and city parks, were to be constructed without any burden on the taxpayers. Wang An-shih said: —

'In the near future our new legislation will have substituted — in the place of an economic system founded on competition and rivalry among men and inevitably destroying the weak for the strong — socialized production based upon the union, the coöperation, the perfect equality of all men, both in respect to labor and in respect to the share of the returns of labor which they receive. Henceforth there shall be neither rich nor poor. The community alone shall hold all property, in the interest of all, and the wealth which now exists in the form of private fortunes will no longer be at

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the disposal of its possessors except to the extent necessary for their personal needs. In the wake of wealth will disappear inequality, selfishness, envy, hatred; in a word, all the evil passions which make men miserable and life burdensome. No effect is without its cause; and the inflexible rules of wisdom will henceforth govern our regenerated Empire.'

Thus Wang An-shih, by a series of measures conceived and carried out with remarkable consistency and tenacity, created virtually a new society, where the Government was the sole owner and manager of the soil, the sole capitalist, the sole manufacturer, merchant, and banker, deciding for what vocation each citizen was best qualified and employing his services and remunerating him in that field. Equality in mediocrity replaced the former inequality of classes. A new code of ethics based on this new condition was promulgated by the Government. The all-powerful community replaced the individual.

So the Communist Society created by Wang An-shih in China seemed to have triumphed completely. The powerful Ministry heard from every side nothing but echoes of praise and admiration from the people. The rich, who seemed the only sufferers and were paying the piper, held their peace, because they knew they were a weak minority. They strove only to conceal their wealth, to vanish in the crowd, to be forgotten.

However, notwithstanding the fact that the new system was received with the joy and popular enthusiasm that usually greet novelties, it did not produce the happy results which its promoter prophesied. Several years had elapsed since Wang An-shih came into full control of the Government and was able to remodel and run the nation's economic machinery to his own taste. Still the same calamities that had ravaged ancient, corrupt China continued to scourge regenerated China. The situation was if possible even worse than before, and the future was still more disquieting.

In the old days the poverty of the populace and the famines which afflicted them were the results of natural phenomena, against which human precautions were in vain. But now droughts, earthquakes, and floods had ceased; and yet harvests did not increase.

Did this signify that the new régime was a failure?

In the chorus of praise which fear and flattery lifted from every side to the ears of the bold reformer, a new voice began to be heard, criticizing his acts, and praying the Emperor to save the country from final ruin.

It was the voice of Ssŭ Ma Kuang. He had long since reconciled himself to his personal fate. But from the seclusion of his retreat he addressed a public petition to the Emperor Shên Tsung, in which he reviewed in detail all the measures promulgated by his successor, and explained with implacable logic the results to which they would inevitably lead. He showed that to give the Government control of the productive machinery of the nation was to kill private initiative, to decrease output, and consequently to diminish the wealth of the land, which was produced by labor. Examining the agrarian reform, which constituted the foundation of the whole system, he said: —

'The people are given the grain which they sow, and they receive it, I confess, with eagerness; but do they always employ it for the purpose for which it is designed? It argues great ignorance of human nature to fancy that they do. A man who does so proves that he knows not his fellow men. People are interested mainly in

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the present; most of them think solely of their daily needs. Only a small minority plan and sacrifice for the future. The cultivators begin by taking from the grain entrusted to them what they need to feed themselves and their families; that is perfectly natural in cases of people dying of hunger. Then they sell or barter a portion for things that they need. What is left over for seed is very little, as the recent harvests prove.

'Furthermore, this system which is vaunted as a great discovery is not new. It has existed since remote antiquity in certain provinces even of China — in provinces which are the poorest and the most remote. We can judge by the effects there what the result will be in the Empire as a whole. I myself was born in the province of Chen-Si, where the land is cultivated and the harvest distributed in common. I passed the first years of my life there. I saw with my own eyes the utter poverty of the people. Consequently I venture to assert that, of ten parts of the evil from which that province suffers, six parts at least must be attributed to the very custom which is now being extended to the whole Empire. Let an inquiry be instituted, an honest investigation made, and you will discover the true state of affairs.'

The Emperor put the petition in the hands of Wang An-shih. That was tantamount to delivering to the latter the power of life or death over Ssŭ Ma Kuang. Everyone expected a terrible vengeance. But Wang An-shih, loyal to his principle of magnanimity and resolved to refrain from arbitrary excesses, feigned to ignore the violent attacks of which he was the object.

At first his generosity was misunderstood. It was attributed to weakness, and thought to mean that his power was declining. Thereupon his enemies, upon whom fear had hitherto imposed silence, suddenly became vociferous in their accusations. They were the more violent because they had hitherto been kept in check by fear. On every side petitions were circulated among the people and presented to the Emperor. Each wished to have the honor of delivering the fatal thrust to the former public idol. They began by criticizing the laws he had decreed; then the bolder among them began to demand loudly that he be brought to trial and condemned for 'disturbing the public peace.' The Emperor, shaken for a moment, began to have doubts of his own, and assembled the Council of the Empire.

Wang An-shih, addressing the members calmly, said: 'Why are you so hasty in judging things that from their very character must operate with extreme slowness? Wait until experience has taught you the good and evil of the system we have set up, to the great advantage of the Empire and the happiness of the people. All beginning is difficult; only after we have conquered the first difficulties can we reap the fruits of our labor. Be resolute and all will go well. The great men, the mandarins, have risen against me, and I am not surprised. It costs them dear to give up their wonted luxuries and to accommodate themselves to new conditions. Little by little they will become adjusted to them, and their natural aversion for what they regard as new will disappear; they will finish by praising what they blame to-day.'

When the Council adjourned, the Emperor, completely won by the persuasion of his Minister, handed him the docket of charges made against him. Wang An-shih had the signatures removed before he would read them.

Smiling at the impotent attacks of his enemies, more than ever confident in the future, Wang An-shih calmly

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and imperturbably pursued his labors, crushing all resistance, dismissing every functionary not absolutely loyal to himself, but refraining rigidly from cruelty or vengeance.

As time went on this contemptuous and philosophical tolerance, far from diminishing his authority, established it more firmly. Each new attack by his enemies increased his credit with his partisans, who constantly urged him to do away with those who were conspiring for his overthrow. He merely answered: 'Men measure the height of towers by their shadows, and the greatness of statesmen by their enemies.'

To one of his intimates who argued that his fall would bring with it the ruin of the Empire, and that his ideas would perish with him, he said: 'Old errors are doomed to disappear. After millions of slanders, sophistries, and lies have been hurled at it, the most fragile truth remains as intact as ever.'

But the new organization of industry, commerce, and agriculture, which was expected to produce such marvelous and rapid results, proved powerless to overcome the famine which raged throughout the land. On the contrary, the prophecies of Ssŭ Ma Kuang seemed to be verified, and poverty and distress continued to grow, in spite of the efforts of the bold reformer.

However, the Emperor remained loyal to his councilor, waiting patiently year after year for the arrival of the new era persistently prophesied by his new Minister and as regularly postponed by events. The masses, always trustful and always deceived, did not lose heart, and retained their faith in the extraordinary man whose calm confidence imposed itself upon the sovereign, and who communicated his unshakable faith to even a starving nation.

Notwithstanding this, the people were decimated every year by famine and epidemic. The Chinese Empire would have been overwhelmed and submerged, if fate, which breaks unexpectedly the strongest and most tenacious human will, had not stepped in to end simultaneously, by the sudden death of the Emperor Shên Tsung, the fearful experiences through which the nation was passing and the political career of Wang An-shih.

The son and successor of Shên Tsung was a boy of ten years. Authority passed into the hands of the Empress-Dowager Kao, who had always been an open enemy of the reformer. As Regent, she immediately summoned Ssŭ Ma Kuang, her favorite, whom in earlier days she had raised to his high honors. It was now Wang An-shih's turn to retire to a remote retreat, where he ended his days peaceably; for Ssŭ Ma Kuang was as generous toward his rival as his rival had been toward him.

In spite of the obvious lessons of experience, the defeated reformer retained his faith in his system of social regeneration. Consequently he was overwhelmed with grief to see that system destroyed, so to speak, stone by stone, until every trace was obliterated, and the last of his own disciples had been removed from public service.

With the restoration of the old order of society, distress gradually disappeared; with each succeeding season men took new heart, industry revived, famines ceased. The population, no longer decimated by epidemics, multiplied rapidly.

In the same year, only a few days apart, the two old adversaries died. They had become symbols in China of the two great forces which guide, renew, and preserve society. Wang An-shih died of a broken heart, abandoned by his friends, almost forgotten, but so possessed by his mystical re-

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forming faith that he preserved his beliefs unshakable to the end, and insisted that the Emperor would in the near future restore the régime of truth and justice he had planned. Ssŭ Ma Kuang died a few days later, after having repealed all the laws issued by his rival. In his honor, although it was a serious departure from the usual precedents and customs, the old Empress-Dowager and the infant Emperor personally attended his imposing funeral; and all the Empire went into mourning for him.

'OLD CAUTIOUS'

A MEMORY OF SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

BY HAROLD BEGBIE

From the *Daily Telegraph, January* 31, *February* 1
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SHACKLETON'S fame as explorer, writer, and lecturer is about as wide as the world will permit. But the world never obtained more than glimpses of his personality, some of them rather confusing glimpses; and therefore it may be useful, it certainly must be interesting, to attempt a little essay in Shackletonian psychology. The Shackletons are a Yorkshire family, Quakers in religion. The branch to which the explorer belonged emigrated to Ireland in the eighteenth century, and there in County Kildare Abraham Shackleton became the tutor of Edmund Burke. They were people of a fair substance and invested their capital in land, the father of Ernest devoting himself to the duties of a small estate until he was thirty-six years of age. But so bad were the agricultural times of Ireland that even the earnestness and devotion of this very able and resolute Shackleton could not make the land satisfy his ambitions for his growing family. He determined on a characteristic step. Married, the father of six children, and thirty-six years of age, this landowner, who had always had a scientific turn of mind, put himself to school again as a medical student, took a degree, won a silver medal for anatomy, and, emigrating to England, set up as a gynæcologist in the town of Croydon.

Ernest at this time was a boy of ten, sturdy as a little horse, full to overflowing with high spirits, but given to reading and to dreams. One thing he brought with him to England besides an incorrigible Irish accent: the memory of certain pictures in an old copy of the *Illustrated London News*, pictures of the first Discovery on her way to the North Pole, pictures of icebergs, snowfields, and Polar bears. The knowledge that out in the region of the North Pole there was a Cape Shackleton, named after an exploring ancestor of the seventeenth century, warmed his blood, if it did not at that time fire his imagination. He was conscious of a big and romantic world beyond the radius of

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domestic life. Dr. Shackleton presently removed to Sydenham, where Ernest had his first experience of school. No boy promised better, for he was quick in the uptake, loved reading, and had no misgivings about holding his own among other boys. But the right kind of guidance was wanting, if school culture is to be regarded as the chief aim of life. It was the same at Dulwich College, to which school he went at twelve years of age. No influence could subdue the restless and intrepid spirit of this eager nature. One may be glad of it, for more and more the boy was thrown upon himself, and accordingly began to make his own way on all sides. His restlessness was a wave which carried him toward his destiny.

Here we begin to arrive at the threshold of personality. Shackleton's nature rebelled against the drudgery of the classroom and the dullness of grammar-books. By himself, all by himself, he was entirely at peace with the imaginative poetry of Keats and Shelley. Before he was sixteen he came upon a little volume of selections from the poems of Robert Browning, a mighty spirit destined to rule his life and go with him into the greatest solitudes of the earth. Browning opened a door for him. If ever a boy was inspired by a poet, that boy was Ernest Shackleton. His heart leaped up at the ringing optimism of Browning, and his spirit embraced with a real rapture the poet's call for valor, endurance, and charity wide as ocean. From that day onward Browning knew no rival in the affections of the explorer.

Shackleton said to me one day: 'It seems to me that there are two chief attitudes towards the universe — the attitude you find in Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," beautiful, tender, patient, but resigned and certainly passive; and the attitude you find all over Browning. I tell you what I find in Browning — a *consistent*, a *spontaneous* optimism. He never wobbles. You never catch him doubting a purpose in creation or quailing before the Infinite. The bigger the universe, the more he likes it. He can't feel at home in the longitude and latitude of finity. There 's no parlor scepticism in his soul. His spirit goes up with something more than confidence to meet the mountain crags and the stars. He loves greatness and vastness. It 's the Whole that he is after, and the part can't trouble him. If he looks at doubt, it is to smile, never to sigh. No poet ever met the riddle of the universe with a more radiant answer. He knows what the universe expects of man — courage, endurance, faith — faith in the goodness of existence. That 's his answer to the riddle.' Browning, as you may imagine, began to be too much for Dulwich College.

At the age of sixteen Shackleton was definitely and profoundly dissatisfied. He could see no prospect of satisfaction along the ordinary smooth paths which radiate from a public school to the respectabilities of a rather mechanical world. His whole nature was clamoring for adventure, and wherever he looked the social signposts pointed to uneventfulness and a pension at sixty. 'Safety First' did not ring an imperative echo in his mind. There was one way only which promised satisfaction, and Browning seemed to nudge him towards that uncharted way. Over the fence of authority and far away from the smooth roads of orthodoxy lay the great sea of adventure. To slip over that fence was to find freedom, fresh air, and space to rove.

'I remember,' he said to me on one occasion, 'how my mind was haunted by the thought of the sea. The very word meant to me what the word "Freedom" meant to Shelley — a kind of unreasoning passion. Do you know the lines: —

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Dawn lands for youth to reap,
Dim lands where empires sleep,
And all that dolphined deep,
Where the ships swing?

'Fine lines, are n't they? I love the phrase, "that dolphined deep where the ships swing." It was the sea that kept calling to me while I was at school. I could hear it whenever I was most restless and impatient. It always rang in my mind with the thought of freedom. I wanted to be free. I wanted to escape from a routine which did n't at all agree with my nature, and which, therefore, was doing no good to my character. Some boys take to school like ducks to water; for some boys, whether they take to it or not, the discipline is good; but for a few rough spirits the system is chafing, not good, and the sooner they are pitched into the world the better. I was one of those. I realized it, and stuffing a Browning into my pocket, and taking all my savings with me, a matter of £8 or £9, off I went one fine day to Liverpool, and shipped on a sailing vessel at a shilling a month.'

This sailing vessel was the Houghton Tower, belonging to the White Star Company, and it was bound for Valparaiso, which meant a wintry experience of rounding Cape Horn. It was rough work, and sometimes bullying showed its ugly and un-English face, but Shackleton had his Browning for the long winter nights and his own stout heart to face the world with. Never does he speak of this experience with bitterness; always, sooner or later, comes a cheerful laugh, and the characteristic exclamation, 'I was alive, so it was all right.' But I rather think the blooding of Shackleton to the sea was a hard and cruel process.

For five years Shackleton served in this ship; twice she was dismasted, and on one voyage lagged for one hundred and forty-eight days out of all sight of land, with food running short. But Shackleton never regretted his adventure, never once looked back. He was made for ocean — 'the ocean,' as he says in *South*, 'that is open to all and merciful to none, that threatens even when it seems to yield, and that is pitiless always to weakness.'

He has told me how he used to read Browning on board that old sailing ship, and how his mind jumped at the lines in 'Paracelsus' about the two points in the adventure of the diver: —

One — when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One — when, a prince, he rises with his pearl.

'I always had a feeling,' he related, 'that I was preparing myself for something. I don't think I ever formulated any definite idea as to what all this rough work was leading up to, but I dreamed prodigiously about big things ahead, big things in the nature of adventure. No, it was n't anything ambitious in the way of becoming a hero: that never occurred to me. It was rather a feeling that great adventures lay ahead, adventures great enough to be worth the hardships of training for them. I must have been about eighteen when the memory of Cape Shackleton, away in the North Pole, came back to me, with the further memory of those old pictures in the *Illustrated London News*. I did then begin to feel I should like to be an explorer; perhaps I got as far as saying to myself, "One day I will be an explorer." But, all the same, while I dreamed in this way, I stuck to my job, determined to succeed at it.'

He certainly did succeed, and he made good at that tough job with real distinction. It was not only his heart that was made for the ocean, but his brain. As soon as was possible for him he passed as second mate in the merchant service, and when still only a boy he was the third officer of a steamer. After a year he passed as first mate, and at the age of twenty-two he navigated a

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big steamer round the world. He was only twenty-three when, seated at a desk in a Singapore window, looking out occasionally at the white-clothed natives crossing the blazing streets outside, he passed his final examination, and became a master. Here you may see, I think, the influence of a seafaring ancestor and a touch of Browning. Shackleton did not so much 'run away to sea' as go to the sea like a lover to his mistress. There was his happiness, and he went to it gladly, confidently, his mind set to make good. Never did he skulk or loaf. Whatever he had to do, he did it with all his might, watching how to do it a little better than the next fellow. And he studied. Browning was for his soul; the ship was the library of his sailor's mind. That quality was in him from the first which made his companions in 1914 call him 'Old Cautious.' There was always for him a right way of doing things. He could not rest at the second-rate — muddling through was a thing he abominated.

He told me that he liked steamers at once, and never regretted passing from sails to coal, although he sometimes missed the roaring of the wind in the rigging and the long starlight nights in the Trades. But the steamer has many more attractions than mere speed. It gives a man great opportunities for knowledge. In that same year Scott made his first journey South, and Shackleton, jumping at this first chance of a real great adventure, went with him as third lieutenant of the Discovery. On that record journey over the ice and snow, Scott, Wilson, and Shackleton were stricken with scurvy, Shackleton adding to his misfortune by breaking a blood-vessel. One night, as he lay very near the point of death, he heard Scott say to Wilson outside the tent, 'Do you think he will last?' and Wilson's reply, 'I don't think so.' 'Oh! won't I?' he muttered to himself. When they came into the tent Shackleton raised himself up a little and managed to jerk out: 'I 'm not going to die; I tell you this — I shall be alive when both you fellows are dead.' Not ten miles from where those words were uttered both Scott and Wilson lie buried in the snow.

He came back to England, and, getting married in 1904, commenced journalistic work as editor of the *Royal Magazine*, sticking at the job for two years. Then he went to Scotland, and wonderfully reorganized the Scottish Royal Geographical Society. He grew tired of routine, however, and thought he would explore politics for a season. He stood for Dundee as a Liberal Unionist in the election of 1906 — getting all the cheers, as one paper said, while the other fellow got all the votes. After this political adventure, a great lark in the life of a seafaring man, he became the personal assistant of Sir William Beardmore, who generously helped him, when the call of the South could no longer be resisted, to fit out the Nimrod in 1907. On that famous adventure Shackleton got within ninety-seven miles of the South Pole, and returned to civilization in 1909 to find himself a famous man. He began to lecture, and lecturing took him all over the world. By 1913 he was ready for another drive into Antarctic ice. The story of that memorable journey was partly heard from Shackleton's own lips, illustrated by moving pictures, which one can say, without the smallest degree of exaggeration, were as wonderful (also as lovable) as anything ever seen on the film. But the full story can only come home to the heart with the fullness and the magic of its glory in Shackleton's great book, *South*, truly the noblest epic of Antarctic adventure ever given to the world, and, for those who have heard his companions' version of his leadership, one of the most modest books that ever came from the press.

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I once asked Shackleton to tell me how civilization struck him when he came back from his last expedition.

'Well, I'll tell you,' he said. 'Honestly, I think we are shirking our responsibilities. That 's how it strikes me. Wherever I go it seems that people don't realize one of the most terrible facts of the war — the fact, I mean, that the flower of the world has gone. Remember, the United States is the one nation left intact. Here in Europe the high spirit and the faith and the enterprise of youth have been mown down, as with a scythe. It 's a fearful loss, a loss no language can express. And yet . . .' He shrugged his shoulders.

'Well?' I asked.

'Oh, I don't want to be in the least bit fanatical, but sometimes here in London it seems to me as if we're almost up against the writing-on-the-wall business — Babylon, eh? Take a little thing like this jazz mania. It's only a straw, I know. And just after the war one could understand it — reaction, and that sort of thing. But now! In my lecture I show a moving picture of a sea-elephant; you see its undulations in the water, the heaving up of a mass of tremendous energy just under the surface current. I say to the people, "The first time I saw a sea-elephant was in South Georgia; the second time was in a jazz-room here in London." They laugh. But there's a serious side to that remark. People here are not doing their duty. They're fooling when fooling is something worse than wrong. There's something to be done, something that ought to be done, and something that must be done at once if we 're to mend the world properly; but is there any sign that the crisis is ever realized? I don't come across it myself.'

He told me that he was sometimes asked at question-time in his lectures what is the good of these dangerous expeditions to the Polar regions.

'That 's another point,' he said, 'a tendency to judge everything by commercial values. Do you remember old Thoreau's complaint, that he could seldom buy a little book to make his notes in but it was ruled for dollars and cents? Well done, old man Thoreau! Value? Why, sentiment is a tremendously important value. These expeditions have a scientific, and often a commercial, value, but that people should fail to see their other value, a spiritual value, beats me altogether. Surely everything that shows a nation what discipline will do, what leadership can effect, what difficulties may be overcome, and what hardships may be borne, everything that fires the blood of a boy, that quickens imagination, that makes for enterprise, audacity, forward-looking, hard living, and moral steadfastness — surely that 's good. Talking of sentiment reminds me of Eric the Good in the year 900. Greenland was called White Shirt in those days. "Who would ever emigrate to White Shirt?" cried Eric, or words to that effect; "take and call it Greenland." So they called it Greenland, and people went there and colonized it. That 's the value of sentiment.'

Because Shackleton's nature was of so cordial a character, so full of laughter and cheerfulness, his criticism of the temper of our time has a particular value. This was certainly no kill-joy, no pussyfoot, no starved, pinched, and shivering nature expressing alarm at London's flippancy; it was a man who loved life, and could never get enough of it; a man hungry and thirsty for great hazards, and so simple and boy-like at the heart that he was only perfectly himself in the company of sailors singing cheerful songs, cracking easy jests, and telling stories of the jovial order. The depths of him were seldom exposed to view, but even these depths were not of a sombre nature. Browning

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was there to keep him from the shadows of gloom.

We once or twice talked of the mysteries of existence, and Shackleton's attitude to these high questions was much more that of a man of the world than a saint. He was, indeed, the last person who could be denounced by the jazz-maniac as a Calvinist. He believed in some overshadowing and utterly inscrutable Power in whose will lie all the congregated worlds, whose creatures we are, whose purposes we serve, and whose laws are written for our learning in the book of Nature. He considered that courage is not the highest virtue, but the indispensable condition of the true man. He expected courage in a man. The higher virtues are patience, fellowship, unselfishness, and an optimism ready to take God's rough with His smooth.

Of that most terrible of all his experiences, the desperate venture from Elephant Island to South Georgia, he told me that he and his heroic men never doubted 'there was always something above.' 'We called it Providence,' he said, 'and we left it at that. "Though I take the wings of the morning" — you know that Psalm; well, it absolutely fitted it. We were comrades with Death all the time; there was no mistake of that; but I can honestly say it was n't bad. I mean we always felt there was something above, and we never thought for a moment that entity was going to be washed out, whatever might happen to our carcases.'

The more desperate became their plight, first in the little boat fighting terrific seas and afterwards among the glaciers of South Georgia, with bleeding feet, famished bodies, and no real hope in their hearts of ever getting through, laughter was their music — not audible laughter, because their frozen lips would have cracked, but laughter in the eyes, laughter in their gestures, and, above all, laughter in their hearts.

How did life feel to them out there?

'Oh, it just felt,' he told me, 'as if that was the real thing. It was life without the trappings of civilization. In our minds we had Shakespeare's sonnets, Browning's poems, verses from the Bible and memories of home; we were n't savages, but the world about us, that wild, savage, white world, seemed to us much more real than civilization. We were conscious of tremendous forces all around us. Nature was not walled out; rather were we walled in. In a civilized country Nature is seldom visible or audible; her activities, at any rate, are not obtrusive; but with us there was nothing at all except those activities. It is a humbling experience to listen to ice-pressure and to watch the visible world breaking up all around one. The forces of Nature are so terrific that no scientific explanation of their action ever quite gives one a satisfying sense of their origin.'

'But even when they are merciless and indifferent,' I asked, 'do you still feel that there is Something above, a real Providence?'

'Always.'

'Your faith in an intelligent universe never shook on the ice-fields or in the mountains of South Georgia?'

'We were all conscious of a Power that informed the whole living world.'

'In your book you speak of a Fourth Presence.'

He nodded his head.

'Do you care to speak about that?'

At once he was restless and ill at ease. 'No,' he said, 'none of us cares to speak about that.' Then, with energy: 'There are some things which never can be spoken of. Almost to hint about them comes perilously near to sacrilege. This experience was eminently one of those things.'

He hastened back to the things in civilization which disturbed him. 'To come back from so long a solitude,' he

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said, 'is to feel that the world is breaking up into sections. Take England, for example; there are fine loyalties all over the place, but they are sectional or class loyalties; she does n't give one the sense of a community bound together in a single and all-comprehending loyalty. Duty seems to be more and more a class word, less and less a national word. I should have thought the war would have drawn the nation closer together. I should have thought the needs of the country, after such a visitation, would have given to the word duty a Nelsonic ring, a national unselfishness. But I don't think that this is so. On the contrary, one feels that the central pull on conscience has ceased. People are openly quite selfish and frivolous. There 's no "one clear call" for the individual. It 's a go-as-you-please scramble for self-indulgence. At any time such a spirit is dangerous; but after so great a war, and in a world so shaken up and impoverished as that which has survived from the war, such a spirit seems to invite calamity.'

He professed himself no dogmatist, certainly not infallible, saying that he spoke only of his impressions, the impressions of a man home from wonderful comradeship in the midst of a savage desolation.

'I may be quite wrong; I hope I am,' he concluded. 'But I can see with my own eyes that certainly a very great number of people are not shouldering their fair share of the national responsibilities.'

'Did it take you long to drop into civilization?'

'Oh,' said he, laughing, 'directly a man drops into silk underwear he drops into civilization, but it takes him a little time to get the hang of its lingo — the subtleties of language, instead of the direct word. As soon as you get hold of that, however, you find yourself.'

'Yourself?'

'Yes.'

'Are you sure?'

'No. I should n't like to say whether it 's your real self or an artificial self.'

'On the whole you would say it is n't the reality, this self of civilization?'

'Certainly it is not the whole reality. Perhaps the best way to look at it is this. Existence at the Pole is not complicated. It is life naked and unashamed. There 's no pretence, no shams, no ceremonies, no mechanical conformities. It 's the genuine article, and it looks enormous. The mind has no time for a looking-glass; it does n't take its eyes off nature. And so, the thousand and one little complexities of civilization — excellent pegs on which to hang a psychological novel, eh what? — drop clean out of sight, and the mind soon loses its vocabulary of the drawing-room and becomes wonderfully simple. We all knew what we were going to say before we said it, although pretty well every level of culture was represented in that ship.'

'How did the educated man stand the strain?'

'All were brave, but that one takes for granted; courage is the prerogative of man. I studied those men pretty closely, like a mother, you may say; and I noticed one or two interesting things. In the face of danger all were equal. But anxiety! The long strain! There the better educated man stood the test better. His horizon is wider. I don't think he is quite so quickly good in a moment of sudden crisis; but in the rough and tumble of dangers the action of all was the same, although the mental feelings, of course, would be quite different. The great thing this long expedition did for me personally was to increase my faith in the power of a man to endure anything and the power of loyalty to solve all the difficulties of existence.'

The call of the sea was growing louder

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in Shackleton's ears every day. He and his men would gladly have been off again. There were other regions of the globe which had caught their fancy, and behind the film when he was lecturing one might sometimes see Stonehouse and Worsley listening greedily to Shackleton's whispered word of a certain sea far away in . . . To another sea altogether he has now sailed his ship, a sea of silence, darkness, mystery, but with a coast line surely glowing in the rays of a brighter sun. Across that sea many greater spirits have sailed, but few, I think, with steadier hearts and eyes more eager for new shores.

'PIRACY'

BY CAPTAIN CASTEX

[*We print below the section of the series of articles by a French nava lofficer, published under the general title,* Synthèse de la guerre sous-marine, *and the sub-title,* '*La piraterie,*' *which aroused so much controversy at the time of the Washington Conference. It should be noted that* La Revue Maritime, *as is regularly stated on the title-page,* '*leaves to contributors full responsibility for the opinions expressed in their articles.*']

From *La Revue Maritime, January* 1920
(Official French Naval Staff Review)

While we are still discussing the premises of our subject, it seems opportune to dispose of certain foolish ideas which were current at that time, apropos of the German submarine campaign. These notions have, in truth, more importance than might appear, for they are the index of inadequate military logic, and they should be rëexamined in view of future contingencies.

For instance, that form of submarine warfare has very frequently been characterized as 'piracy,' and the men who carried it out have been stigmatized as 'pirates.' Articles in the Allied press, public statements and official speeches by high representatives of the Entente, and even technical articles, abounded in these adjectives or others of the same import, designed to express indignant disapproval of what seemed to their authors naval piracy, very like the barbarous exploits of the sixteenth century. Such terms had the defect of voicing in a puerile fashion and a little too naïvely the state of mind that characterized most enemies of Germany at that time: that is, lack of mental preparation for this new kind of war, surprise at a novel and unfamiliar procedure, consciousness of not being able to deal with it, helplessness in face of it, terror lest it succeed. Astonished, surprised, momentarily helpless, and sadly worried, such men had no better recourse than to blurt out their irritation by stamping their feet and abusing this wicked adversary, who disregarded the rules of fair play by striking below the belt, and who was not accomodating enough to refrain from doing things that might harm his opponents. These little crises of ill-humor, venting them-

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selves in harangues of the kind dear to Homeric heroes, were somewhat childish; more than that, they were useless, for such rhetorical devices help little to win a war.

First of all, before throwing stones at the Germans in this connection, we ought to recall that this form of torpedo-cruiser warfare, like so many other new things in the World War, was a development of an idea that was essentially French in origin. During the period of the younger naval school, Gabriel Charmes wrote: —

> Another *guerre de course*, cruiser warfare by microbes, will certainly make its appearance in the next naval war. Tiny vessels, torpedo boats and gunboats, which are so efficient when they attack by squadrons, will commit equal ravages upon enemy commerce. . . . They will remain at sea for long periods, invisible and overlooked, always ready to attack any disarmed or inadequately armed opponent. . . . They will need only a few kilograms of high explosives to destroy in a second the largest steam liner.

Admiral Aube went his faithful collaborator one better in the following paragraph: —

> Will the torpedo boat commander notify the captain of the ocean liner that he is there, that he is watching, that he can sink him, and therefore that he will take him prisoner? In a word, will he hold him up Platonically? . . . The torpedo boat will follow, at a distance and invisibly, the liner that it has detected, and when darkness has fallen it will silently and stealthily send that ocean liner to the bottom with its cargo, its crew, and its passengers; and the commander of the torpedo boat will continue his cruise with his soul not only at peace, but filled with satisfaction.

We see to what extremes these good men were led under the obsession of their favorite device, and that the theory of torpedo cruiser warfare was not first conceived on the other side of the Rhine. The Germans have only done what they have done so often before — appropriated another man's invention. The young French school of naval theorists as yet had only torpedo boats in mind, but since the effect of the torpedo is independent of the tube that projects it, we shall have to admit that German submarine policy, both in spirit and practice, has its inception in the passages just quoted.

Before discussing the question from a higher and broader standpoint than the issue as to who invented this kind of warfare, we should recognize that the Germans were on absolutely sure ground in using it. This involves the question of principle which lies behind our argument, upon which all persons who have been responsible, or who will in the future be responsible, for the conduct of a war, ought to be unanimous. Germany, having once entered a formidable conflict in which she expected to achieve world leadership, having prepared that conflict, desired it, and unchained it, then seeing it turn against her, and comprehending at once that her existence was at stake, was in duty bound in her own interest to employ every weapon in her possession, and to insist that her submarines should inflict the maximum possible damage upon her enemies. She ought not to refrain from using that weapon, under penalty of committing a grave error likely to cause her defeat. She took care not to commit that error, as we might well anticipate from so redoubtable an enemy; and in this she obeyed the dictum of her principal military prophet, Clausewitz: 'War is an act of violence, where no limit is set to the employment of violence. The active factors in war are the material resources which a nation controls and the will power to conquer. All these factors must be used to the utmost limit.'

This is the policy that all resolute belligerents have pursued from the

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beginning of history, whenever, in a desperate struggle, nations have hurled themselves at each other's throats. Furthermore, in the present instance, the Germans appraised the situation sensibly and logically when they concentrated their efforts in a decisive direction: the Allies' military lines of communication. They sought in this way to strike their foe at a vital point, knowing full well the fundamental rôle these lines of communication played in the military system of their enemies. An English Admiral, Percy Scott, wrote before the war: 'Everyone becomes a barbarian in war. Is n't the purpose to destroy your enemy? To accomplish this one should attack him at the most vulnerable point. Now is not our vulnerable point our route of food and petroleum supply?' Since the submarine enabled Germany to accomplish this, it was necessary to use that weapon. Its employment conformed with the principle of utilizing in warfare every available resource, a principle the violation of which renders hopeless a vigorous prosecution of hostilities. In a word, there is nothing in all this policy, as adopted by the Germans, which is not absolutely correct from the military point of view.

The failure to warn vessels before torpedoing them, which aroused such a storm of protest, is not so great an offense as may appear at first glance. The Germans replied to this charge, with some show of reason, that they had issued a general warning to all vessels not to enter the danger zone.

The only reproach which we are entitled to bring against the Germans is that they sullied their banner too many times, in too many individual instances, by conducting their submarine war with unnecessary barbarity, and by aggravating it by odious acts. Such cruelty was both useless and stupid; because it served no valuable purpose in the war, and it had an effect directly contrary to Germany's interests, causing her to be unanimously condemned by the conscience of civilized mankind.

But the employment of this weapon was justified, in spite of all the outcry against it. Moreover, this is not the first instance in history where the employment of a new weapon has aroused such a tempest of protest. When, during the Civil War in the United States, the Confederates tried to make up for their naval inferiority by experimenting (in addition to cruiser warfare) with the intensive employment of mines and torpedoes, there was a very similar outburst of indignation from the Federals. [Gabriel Charmes says]: —

> The Northerners who suffered from this were furiously indignant at the Southerners, stigmatizing them as assassins, outlaws, and the off-scourings of hell. 'Infernal machinations of the enemy,' 'assassination in its worst form,' 'unchristian mode of warfare,' and similar expressions were employed to belittle and abuse the inventions of their opponents. But after thus abusing them, they hastened to employ them in their turn. Unchristian as it might be, the torpedo was honorably received among the weapons of Christian nations.

The brave Bayard likewise declared, when the harquebus came into use, that it was a weapon for cowards. None the less firearms have made considerable progress since that date.

To return to military theory, one observation remains to be made concerning this pseudo-piracy. We have just explained that the employment of the submarine was correct, that its adoption was a proper application of the principle of utilizing every weapon. But it was logical only to this extent, and not in the way the Germans understood it. We have pointed out, in the conclusion of an earlier study in connection with a similar problem, that 'the intensive, simultaneous and cor-

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related employment of every arm of warfare is involved in the very idea of an armed conflict.' That is a principle which the Germans violated in their use of the submarine.

'Intensive' their submarine campaign certainly was. But it was not 'simultaneous and correlated' (*solidaire*). Our enemies did not bring into action all their weapons, supporting their submarines by their surface vessels. They made a daring and a forlorn-hope attack, but they managed it unskillfully. Their submarine offensive was conducted without proper liaison, as always occurs when cruiser warfare and the destruction of enemy commerce are the sole objectives. Judged by military canons, the Germans were only partly right in their strategy.

This reservation is important. That slight oversight by our enemy enabled us to win the war on the sea, and consequently the war as a whole.

I DECIDE TO BE A HERMIT

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL INCIDENT

BY ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS, OF THE SPANISH ROYAL ACADEMY

[*Valdés, perhaps the most distinguished novelist in Spain, has just published a book of reminiscences somewhat resembling in theme Tolstoi's* Childhood, Boyhood, *and* Youth, *under the title,* La Novela de un Novelista, *from which the following chapter is translated.*]

From *La Época, January* 14, 1922
(Madrid Conservative Daily)

Happy days of faith, return to me! Breathe into this heart torn by disillusion; breathe into this brain wasted by so much sterile effort! Refresh me once again! Let me wake up some morning the little boy who used to kneel before his little bed with his face lifted to an image of the crucified Jesus, praying with childlike fervor for the health and happiness of his parents and the salvation of his soul. Let me see again in the blue depths of Heaven the image of Mary, treading with her divine feet the crescent of the moon and surrounded by a choir of winged cherubim. Let my ears catch again, as they did then, the harmonies of celestial music. Let me feel once more hovering over me, as I drop to sleep, the outspread pinions of my guardian angel.

I can still see myself in church at San Francisco hearing Mass with my father. The tones of the organ would bear me away with them. The deep bass voice of Brother Antonio Arenas singing from the choir thrilled me with sacred fire. The clouds of incense intoxicated me; and far above, over the main altar, I could see the beautiful image of the Virgin enveloped in what seemed to me miraculous light, which filtered through the stained-glass windows. My eyes refused to leave her, and my heart yearned toward her with

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the straining of immortal longing. In those days sublime emotions used to thrill my soul, and I would give a hundred lives to have them back again — those emotions which I hope I may again feel after death.

I can still see myself walking with my mother under the archways that border the Street of Galiana toward the Chapel where they worshiped Christ carrying the Cross. Night had already descended. At this hour, just after twilight, the pious ladies of Aviles used to say a prayer before the miraculous image. The archways were scantily lighted. About half way down the street there was a niche under one of them, containing a little image of the Virgin lighted by an oil lamp. Lovers would be seated on the curbstone, dimly visible in the shadow. We would catch the low murmur of their conversation as we passed. When we reached the Chapel we ascended a few steps and knelt before the image of Jesus bowed low under the weight of the Cross, his pale forehead crowned with thorns; and a wave of infinite compassion would flow over me. His suffering eyes would seem to say: 'My son, you are happy now, but if you ever have days of sorrow, remember me.'

I still see myself in the month of May singing the litanies of the Virgin through the streets of Aviles. We school-children would march in two long files. The strongest of the boys carried by turns between us a great crucifix covered with flowers. Behind it would march several priests, accompanied by the school-teacher. How bright the sky would be! How joyous the earth would seem! It was the month of blossoms, and each of us carried a bouquet in our hand, singing as we marched to offer it to the Queen of Heaven. And when we turned our uncovered heads to the doors or balconies of the houses we did not in those days meet sarcastic glances and critical smiles to chill our children's hearts. No, the men would be grave and silent, making an imperceptible sign of approbation. The glances of the women would shower us with affectionate benedictions. If a people is to live united in a great family, if it is to constitute a great nation, it must do something more than speak the same language — it must whisper the same prayers. Our little hearts on those days would beat happily in our bosoms, because we felt we were loved and protected by all our fellow people, because the men and women leaning from the balconies and gathered along the footpaths to watch us pass respected our faith and our innocence.

My friend Alphonso, a pale, meek little boy, was the most religious of my companions. His mother was a very pious woman, who took him to Mass every day before he came to school. We would see him in all the sacred processions, carrying a little candle in his hand; and sometimes when, on the afternoon of a Saint's Day, I would conceive the idea of stepping into the church in front of which we used to play, I would always discover him there alone praying before one of the altars.

Although I was a boy of a very different type, fond of out-door sports, and the first in every fight or escapade, I felt myself strongly attracted to him and sought his friendship. This was not so easily won. Like all boys of the spiritual and religious type, he was timid and retiring, and my boisterous manner doubtless impressed him disagreeably. However, I finally won his confidence and we became devoted friends; for with the zeal of a little apostle he sought to win me for God and the Virgin. He already was preparing for a priestly career. I was receptive to such ideas, because in the

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bottom of my heart I have always been an idealist; and although in the course of my life I have thrown much dust and ashes on that sacred fire, it never has been quite extinguished.

Alphonso used to tell me that it was not right to dwell so much on our present life, which, no matter how long it might be, was of little profit to us; and that we might perhaps die before we were very old. In the latter conjecture he was right, for he died while still a youth. He used to say that we ought to be as good as the angels, in order that we might some time be received among them, and that if we committed our soul daily to the Virgin and to St. Joseph, they would rescue us from the dangers of this world. So we began to pass long hours in mystic conversations. He took me to his home, where I was profoundly impressed with a little oratory that his mother provided for him in a special room. It was furnished with everything one could find in a church — an altar picture, an altar cloth, an image of the Virgin of Carmen, others of St. Joseph, and of the child Jesus, a censer, a chasuble, and a priest's cap. We used to play Mass and I would be his assistant. On Holy Days his mother and older sisters and the servants would come to watch us. We would all sing the Litany and march in procession through the garden, burning so much incense that it would make a thick cloud in the oratory that sometimes nearly stifled us.

Our enthusiasm grew greater every day; not only would we play at Mass, but we would hold confessions. Alphonso developed a great gift for the confessional, and would impose penances like a veteran priest. Dressed in a robe which his mother had made him, and seated in a great box which we set up on end and in the bottom of which we bored several gimlet holes, he would confess his sisters and myself; sometimes even the servants would come and kneel down and with their mouths close to the little holes in the box, confess their sins and receive absolution. However, they did not show themselves as contrite and penitent as was to be desired. Often they would giggle so that the little father-confessor had to adopt a most severe air and threaten to report them to his mother. For my little friend Alphonso took these things very seriously. He gave us excellent counsel and painted with minute detail all the torments of Inferno. He would exhort us to repent, and finally absolve us, extending his little hand to be kissed as seriously as a Jesuit Father.

One day he told me that his younger sister was very ill, that he was praying every day for an hour in order that she might not die, and that he had rubbed his breast with nettles. Opening his jacket and the bosom of his shirt he showed me his inflamed chest. I was greatly impressed and eager to emulate him. 'I want to do penance, too, so that your sister will not die,' I said, and following my words by the act, I went out into the garden and resolutely started to pick some nettles. But alas! As soon as I felt the prickling and burning I began to cry. Alphonso, greatly disturbed, went into the house for some oil, which he put on my hands. Then he tried to comfort me, saying that although I was not yet inured to such severe penances, I might in time become better at them than he himself.

We read the lives of the Saints. I was most pleased with those pious men who had withdrawn into a desert and spent long years listening to the singing of the birds and living upon wild fruits and shellfish which they found along the shore of the sea. That was not remarkable; for I was exceedingly fond of cherries and of sea snails. I have forgotten which of us first suggested it, but one day we conceived the idea of

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withdrawing into the desert ourselves, in order to retire from the world and its vanities and to live a life of piety and penance. We would dwell apart, though in the same vicinity, live upon the alms which the peasants gave us, and pray for our families. When we grew up we would come to preach at Aviles and other towns. But where could we find such a desert retreat? Alphonso told me that about a league from Aviles he had once seen a great cave near the sea, which he thought would be precisely the place for us to retire to and there lead our hermit life.

We discussed and considered our project for a long time and did not resolve to undertake it until we had reflected maturely upon its possibilities. One of the serious questions which we debated was whether we should renounce our families forever, or visit them occasionally. Alphonso thought we ought to come once a year to see our parents. I thought our duty bade us come every six months. Finally we decided to come home on every eighth day, to get a change of clothing. It never occurred to either of us for a moment that our parents might place obstacles in the way of our plan. Alphonso thought his mother was so pious that she would weep tears of joy at learning of his proposal. I was not quite so sure about mine, and suspected she might not exactly cry with joy, but I felt quite certain she would feel honored at seeing her son embark so bravely on a saint's career. We finally decided to leave without saying a word of our intentions, in order to avoid a touching scene.

Now that I think the matter over after the lapse of many years, I question whether my resolve to abandon the world was not strengthened by a certain desire to abandon school. I recall that the hazel switch which the teacher, Don Juan de la Cruz, used to employ, did not appeal to my tastes, nor did I enjoy being shaken, having my ears boxed, and kneeling in a corner for an hour with my face to the wall because my copy book contained a few blots. Still I was conscious of a pang of sadness at my heart when I entered our house for what I supposed would be the last time as a son, and my father kissed me good-bye when I left for school after dinner. We separated. I departed down the arched passage toward my sad destiny, and saw my father stroll across the Plaza toward his club, smoking a Havana. When would I be big enough to do that? It is possible, then, that my pure ambition to devote myself to a life of abstinence and piety was alloyed with a trace of pleasure at escaping from other duties; for the great resolutions which we make during our lives are never inspired by a single motive. However, one should not attempt to analyze too exactly the soul of a mystic.

So we set forth right after dinner, about three in the afternoon, to find our sacred cave. I carried with me in my pockets a pair of slippers, a little box of caramels which my godmother had presented to me the day before, and a top. To be sure, this was not exactly the luggage one would expect a penitent fleeing the pleasures of the flesh to carry; but in this matter I trusted absolutely to my friend Alphonso, and was not mistaken. All that my pious little companion carried with him was a small paper package containing some scourges made by his own tiny hands. They were of leather attached to the handles of a skipping-rope, and at the end of each thong were hard little knots that promised to be not so sweet as my godmother's caramels.

At Alphonso's suggestion we prayed for a few moments in the church of San Francisco before setting out on our journey. Then, skirting the 'Field of

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Cain' and the hostile suburb of Sabugo, — which we gave a wide berth, — we found ourselves upon the highway to San Cristobal. About an hour's journey ahead was a point known as La Garita, overlooking the sea. In this neighborhood was the cave which Alphonso had seen, or thought he had seen.

We walked on in silence. Alphonso was radiant with happiness. I was not so radiant. When we had gone a little more than half a mile, we saw stretched on the soft turf near the edge of the road two tough boys from Sabugo. One of them, 'Antonio the Shoemaker,' was an ugly lad, famous throughout the town as a bully and the terror of all the younger children. The other was an ugly, deformed young vagabond named Anguila, who diverted the people on Festal Days by his tricks. He would undress and roll in the sand, then climb a greased pole to get the prize at the top. In a word, he was a natural clown. When I saw them, my heart gave a jump of terror, and I fancy that my friend Alphonso, in spite of his piety, had the same experience. I whispered softly: 'There are those fellows.'

Alphonso answered briefly: 'I had seen them already. Let 's keep on as if we did not notice them.'

So, gazing at the sky, looking at the road in front of us, and glancing in every direction except the one where that pair of the Devil's jewels was sparkling on the grass, we hastened our steps. We were like poor ostriches, who thrust their heads under their wings when they see a hunter.

'Here, kids, where are you going?'

We pretended not to hear.

'*Here, kids, where are you going?*'

We continued to be deaf, and were hastening past, when Anguila jumped up and with two bounds planted himself in front of us. 'Where are you going, I say, you young snipes?'

To hear two beings so virtuous and spiritual as ourselves called 'snipes' by that miserable little street gamin was more calculated to inspire laughter than anger. Neither of us could think of a reply. To tell the truth we were both of us dumb with fear. Finally I stammered with all the meek servility of which a human being is capable: 'We are going to San Cristobal.'

'For what are you going to San Cristobal?'

'We are taking a message to the priest,' I murmured, more humbly and propitiatingly than ever.

'Good. Just draw up to the wharf and drop anchor; for the *carabineros* are waiting to examine your luggage.'

Saying this, he turned back toward the field where his worthy companion remained stretched on the ground, directing toward us a steady, cold, and cruel gaze. We followed like two tame lambs. What could we do? We were nine years old and these fellows not less than twelve. Besides that, they possessed a primitive savagery, like all people who have not yet emerged from barbarism, which gave them a clear superiority when it came to a trial of strength with two such refined and well-bred boys as ourselves.

So the inspection started. Anguila conducted it thoroughly, beginning with me. 'Antonio the Shoemaker' did not deign to move. My caramels were the first thing to come to light. The paper was at once torn off them; but Antonio crisply commanded, with an imperious gesture, 'Bring those here!' and Anguila humbly placed them at his feet. A person saw at once that Antonio was the commander and Anguila the buffoon. Next came my top, which was deposited with the caramels; then my slippers appeared. Despising such trifles, they were wrapped up again and thrust back in my pocket.

Next came Alphonso's turn. He had a piece of bread in his pocket, which

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Anguila promptly thrust into his mouth, having first assured himself by a rapid side glance that Antonio had no objection. Next came the little package with the scourges. When Anguila unwrapped them he stared at us in blank amazement. 'What 's this? The devil take me if they are n't scourges.'

Antonio jumped to his feet in a moment and took them in his hands. 'Sure they are scourges.' His ugly face was lighted up by a cruel grin. 'Ah, what a fine idea! Scourges! What a joke!' And both he and Anguila doubled up with laughter.

'So these are the scourges with which your mother whips you, is n't it so? And you have stolen them, is n't it so? That sort of thing won't do. Take 'em back, but don't let it occur again.' And he began to slash with them at my poor little friend, who quavered protestingly in his gentle voice, 'No, no, I have not stolen them — my mother does n't whip me.'

I thought for a moment that I was safe, but this comforting idea was speedily dissipated when Antonio began to use them upon me, 'for being an accomplice,' as he said.

'Good! Now get out of here and if you say a word about what has happened at home I will deal with you,' growled Antonio, throwing himself down again on the grass with the irritating insolence of an Oriental despot. We were hastening to take this advice, but Providence decreed we should not escape so easily from the claws of those young tyrants. Anguila interrupted: 'Listen, Antonio, don't you think we ought to teach these kids to drill?'

'Do what you like,' answered 'The Shoemaker,' shrugging his shoulders in his usual surly way. Anguila cut two branches from a neighboring tree and put them in our hands. 'Halt! Attention! Present arrms! Order ar-r-ms! At ease! Half turn to the right! Right dress!'

Our martyrdom lasted more than an hour. We were knocked about and kicked, and our ears were boxed until we were half beside ourselves. The most barbarous drill sergeant could not have dealt worse with his raw recruit. If we began to cry we were silenced with a blow. When Anguila tired of this amusement, he told us to get out.

Free at last, we did not continue our journey into the desert to regenerate the world by our penances, but ran off home as fast as we could go. Our eyes were red with crying and our faces with beating, but they were no redder than was my soul with rage and fury. Desire for vengeance fairly choked me, so that I could hardly utter from time to time the terrible imprecations and inarticulate cries of anger that welled up from my heart. As soon as we reached the town I posted off to 'Emilio the Horseshoer.' We little boys in the school at Aviles always had, after the custom of the Spartans, a big boy friend who acted as our protector, and who, as we said in our boyish jargon, 'danced for us.' 'Emilio the Horseshoer' had always danced for me. I was certain that as soon as he knew how I had been abused he would post off to the suburb of Sabugo, where he would not leave one stone standing on another. Poor Alphonso wept in silence.

When I now recall this incident of my childhood I wonder at my oversight. Why was I leaving home and taking refuge in the desert? Was it not to do penance and gain righteousness? If so, what penance was better than that which those young ruffians inflicted on me? What better opportunity could I wish to show resignation and meekness, and to follow the footsteps of Jesus? And it has been the same in later life. God has offered me abundant opportunities to be a saint, but I have let them pass without improving them.

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MOLIÈRE, THE PLAYWRIGHT

From the *Spectator, January* 14
(Conservative Weekly)

There is in the Louvre a portrait by an unknown artist, 'which lights the small room in which it hangs like a flame,' says Michelet. The dark face, kindly and thoughtful, with the full lips, the rather thick nose, the black eyes burning with an extraordinary intensity under the black brows — this is Molière as his contemporaries saw him, and like a flame his genius illumines the world he lived in.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, afterwards known as Molière, was born in Paris in January 1622, six years after Shakespeare's death. His father was a prosperous tradesman and the son was well educated at the Jesuit College of Clermont, and then studied law; but at twenty-one he renounced the solid advantages of his home and resolved to be an actor. With his company of strolling players he spent fourteen years in the provinces; in 1658 he returned to Paris, and had the good fortune to amuse the King by his little farce, *Le Docteur Amoureux*. To the man who could amuse Louis XIV success was assured, and thenceforward the good-will and protection of his splendid patron never failed him. Into the next fifteen years he crowded more than twenty-five plays, from the farces and comedy-ballets hurriedly put together at His Majesty's order for some Court entertainment — *Les Fâcheux* was planned, written, rehearsed and acted in a fortnight — to *Le Misanthrope*. Under the strain of his ceaseless effort his health failed; at forty he married a girl twenty years younger than himself and was incessantly tormented by jealous miseries; he made enemies who harassed and angered him. He was a melancholy, worn-out man when he produced in February 1673 *Le Malade Imaginaire*, struggled through his part with difficulty, and with the laughter and applause of the theatre in his ears was carried home to die.

In 1636 Corneille's romantic play, *Le Cid*, had taken Paris by storm, and for twenty years his heroic tragedies had dominated the French stage. But his day was over; in the new Court that gathered adoringly round the young sovereign the shabby, taciturn, elderly poet was out of fashion, and so were his sublime couplets. 'Once the public demanded great situations nobly handled,' said one of his friends; 'now it is content with characters.' Molière was willing to allow that tragedy was an affair of 'situations,' but he held that character is the stuff of which comedy is made. He discarded all the customary theatrical devices, the familiar types, the complicated intrigues which had long been the comic writer's material, and he refused to be bound by the rules of the classic drama. His plots are generally very simple; *Le Misanthrope* has no plot. His dénouements are often unsatisfactory; could anything be more forced and confused than the close of *Tartufe?* It is to the eternal interest we take in our fellow men, in their aspirations, their foibles, their misadventures, that he made his appeal, supporting it by his invincible gayety, his humor, and his incomparable gift of dialogue. 'When you paint heroes,' he says, 'you do as you please; they are fancy portraits in which no one looks for a likeness, and you follow the flights of an

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imagination which often prefers the marvelous to the true. But when you paint men you must paint them as they are; if they are not recognizable as people of your own day, you have wasted your time.' So it is that under Molière's laughter and mockery there is always that quality which forbids us to mistake his men and women for puppets. His dupes, his feminists, his fatuous pedants — ridiculous though they are, the time spent upon them has not been wasted. In their most ludicrous moments we still know them for our own kith and kin. When M. Jourdain says: 'Je veux avoir de l'esprit et savoir raisonner des choses parmi les honnêtes gens,' does anyone merely despise his childish vanity? When the rustic with the aristocratic wife who so cruelly humiliates and deceives him reflects on his own fatal folly and says to himself: 'Vous l'avez voulu, Georges Dandin,' does anyone hear the dreary avowal unmoved?

Molière's first comedy, *Les Précieuses Ridicules* (1659), had an excellent reception. His next considerable plays were *L'École des Maris* and *L'École des Femmes*, and with the latter his long quarrel with his critics began. It was an immense success. Its originality, its irresistible humor, crowded his theatre in the Palais Royal every night, but it also gave serious offense. The writer was accused of being vulgar, indecent, profane and indifferent to the canons of his art: —

> Le Commandeur voulait la scène plus exacte,
> Le Vicomte indigné sortait au seconde acte.

Molière defended himself twice over in his theatre in two dramatic sketches, and the following year he produced *Tartufe*. It was a declaration of war.

In May 1664, the King, then in the full tide of his passion for Louise de la Vallière, resolved to give an unusually resplendent fête in the gardens of his new palace at Versailles. It lasted seven days. There were ballets, collations, jousts, masquerades, and concerts, and on the second day Molière presented his comedy-ballet, *La Princesse d'Elide*, in which he took the part of a jester, and his wife as the Princess danced and sang like an angel. Four days later, in the theatre arranged in the park, among the trees and the leaping fountains, by the flickering light of hundreds of wax tapers, Molière produced the first three acts of *Tartufe*. There could not have been a more incongruous setting for his disturbing play. It is rather surprising that no exact record exists of that performance. *Tartufe*, as we know it, is in five acts, and it must have been considerably altered between its first production and the final shape which it took five years later, but we can only guess at these changes. The pretty scene of the lovers' quarrel seems to have been put in to fill a gap; it has no real connection with the plot, and the long speeches in which Cléante expounds the difference between sincere devotion and its fraudulent imitation are evidently interpolated as a concession to the censor. Tartufe must originally have made his entry earlier; in the final version he does not appear till the third act. Orgon and his household — his mother, his young wife, his son, his daughter, his brother-in-law, and the maid — spend the two first acts in talking about him. From the day when Orgon brought home a pious beggar he had met in church and installed him forthwith as the real ruler of the house, his hateful and alarming personality has brooded blackly over them all. Orgon has been carried captive by the beggar's humility and devotion, by his saintly language and his religious fervor. Not a word must be whispered against the holy man. Nearly half the play passes, haunted, as it were, by this unseen evil, and then he appears, sensual, greedy,

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cunning, and incredibly formidable: 'Gros et gras, le teint frais, la bouche vermeille,' 'the wickedest thing that ever came out of hell,' says his victim. We ought, perhaps, to ask ourselves if this mesmeric power so suddenly exercised on an ordinary middle-aged citizen is likely or possible (though, of course, we have all heard of Rasputin), but Molière gives us no chance. From the opening scene, when Madame Pernelle sweeps breathlessly across the stage scolding everyone in turn, until the imposter, stripped and baffled at last, goes silent (like Iago), for all his flowing phrases, to his fate, we are assured that this is what did really happen. 'Impossible, only I saw it.'

Is any one amused by *Tartufe?* It did not amuse the people in the Versailles gardens, and we cannot blame them. Tartufe is too sickening in his devotion, too savagely cynical under the mask to be laughed at. Not only did *Tartufe* fail to make the Court laugh; it greatly shocked the Queen-Mother and many other good people, who suspected (with M. Brunetière) that it was religion itself and not its mere counterfeit that was assailed. The King was not shocked, and the Pope's Legate, to whom Molière shortly afterwards read the play, listened unruffled. But the storm that broke over it that soft May evening was so furious that Louis reluctantly gave way and forbade it to be acted again in public. The interdict was not removed till 1669. Exasperated beyond endurance by the doom of his masterpiece, Molière hastened to challenge public opinion again with *Le Festin de Pierre.* For the first time in his varied history Don Juan appeared not only as a libertine and an atheist but as a hypocrite as well. It was not in Molière to miss the chance of slinging a stone at his pursuers, and to them Don Juan's speech on the advantages gained by the hypocrite was plainly addressed. As in *Tartufe* the defense of true religion is entrusted to the chilly and unconvincing Cléante, so in *Le Festin* it is left to the comic valet to maintain the existence of God. After fifteen performances, the King advised its withdrawal; Molière had himself invited the disaster.

Within a year Molière had suffered two costly defeats, a serious illness obliged him to close his theatre for two months, his relations with his wife were unhappy, but nothing could diminish his creative ardor. Scattered among his greater works were his entertaining farces, *Le Mariage Forcé, L'Amour Médecin,* and the rest, and in June 1666, *Le Misanthrope* was ready. In this play he is generally considered to have touched his highest mark. It has so little action that it has been called not a drama but a dramatic picture, an interior, the salon of a French lady of quality, period Louis XIV. The eight characters are gathered in the house of Celimène and there they remain. This is the first Court play that Molière wrote. Plenty of marquises had been seen on his stage, but here we have the atmosphere, the authentic manner of the Court. The first spectators no doubt found it an agitating performance. There were likenesses to be looked for, allusions to be traced; Alceste, his generous soul steeped in bitterness, is unsparing in his exposure of society; at whom exactly was his accusing finger pointed?

These questions fortunately need not disturb us now; we are free to let them alone and to rejoice in the beauty of the play, in its grace and vivacity and tenderness. The din of battle has died away and the play has now the harmonious completeness, the air of serenity which is the secret of great artists.

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THE POPULARITY OF MOLIÈRE

BY GENDARME DE BÉVOTTE

From *La Grande Revue, January*
(Liberal Literary Monthly)

All that there is to say has already been said of Molière's personality and his work, yet they do not cease to pique the curiosity of the critic, to lead the historian into further researches, and to draw forth the comment of the moralist. His life, his conception of drama, and his philosophy have been judged and scrutinized in all countries. He has his admirers. There are those who make a fetish of him, those who are jealous of him, those who despise him. But whether one loves or detests him, one must bow before his genius; and the voice of the people gives him place on that summit accessible only to the few, whereon the admiration of mankind has established a Homer, a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Goethe.

It is an admiration that has its own surprises, for his philosophy is neither elevated, profound, nor original; it brings to humanity neither any new truth nor any of those conceptions and interpretations of life that enrich the spirit of man and give to his thought or conduct a new direction. He throws no gleaming ray upon the philosophic and moral problems that perplex us. He has not, like Dante and Goethe, given to his nation for the first time a vivid realization of their own genius, aspirations, and ideals. Even his psychology may seem a little crude and summary. Others have penetrated further into the sinuous folds of the human heart, or have at least more minutely analyzed its infinite complexity. His dramatic workmanship is a job so botched as to make even the least clever of our playmakers smile. He constructs with horrible clumsiness. His dénouements are conventional, sometimes even puerile. In some of his comedies the order of whole scenes can be transposed without difficulty and without the audience's being any the wiser. We may agree with Buffon that only well-written work will pass down to posterity; and the style of Molière's plays has never ceased, from the very beginning, to be the object of criticism which is often unjust or excessive and yet frequently has foundation.

So at first glance there is nothing in his work that ought to give him the rank he holds. The genius of a Shakespeare astounds, even overpowers, because one feels overwhelmed, dominated by him. Reading Molière is like meeting an equal. He has an air about him of being on your own level; and yet Stapfer, a penetrating critic, has, without any paradox, written a whole book in which he compares the Englishman and the Frenchman, placing them on the same intellectual plane.

Everyone knows that Goethe held Molière's work in the highest esteem and urged its study upon dramatic authors. In his own lifetime, despite certain attacks upon him, he was regarded as the first author of his century by the severest and best judges; and if in the eighteenth century his glory underwent some obscurity in France, it glowed even more brightly in the nineteenth.

Everywhere abroad his work has been well received. Germany, so ill-

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adapted to the comprehension of our literature, has accorded him the worship of a kind of cult. He was still living when the Germans translated several of his plays, and since that time they have presented his works upon all their stages — in French, translated, imitated, or arranged. In spite of the critical reservations of Lessing and the bitter criticisms of Schlegel, his popularity continued to grow until the nineteenth century. The *Molières-Muséum*, a review bearing his name and devoted to him alone — a thing without precedent — was founded before Monval had established the *Molièriste* in France.

It would take too long to enumerate his success in the other countries of Europe: in England, where since the seventeenth century his *Misanthrope* has been clumsily imitated and has become a wolf of the sea, brutal, drunken, and profane; in Holland, which had a leading part in the publication of his works; in Austria, where his *Don Juan* inspired Mozart; in Italy, where the pieces of the *Commedia dell' Arte* and those of the *Commedia Sostenuta*, after having given so much to him, in their turn borrowed no less abundantly from him. He goes even to Denmark, Poland, and Russia. In all countries he is played, sometimes in French, sometimes in versions adapted, more or less happily, to suit local taste. In one place the themes he has immortalized are borrowed; in another, his plays are translated. His influence is universal and his works, which so faithfully reflect the spirit of France and of his time, are applauded by foreigners and by the twentieth-century public as they were by his own contemporaries and compatriots.

He is not, like Racine and Corneille, unapproachable to minds different from our own; and beyond French frontiers, quite as much as within them, three centuries have not sufficed to stale him. It might be written of him as it has been written of Homer: —

Et depuis trois cents ans, Molière respecté
Est jeune encore de gloire et d'immortalité.

(And after thrice a hundred years, Molière
Is young in immortality and glory.)

He and La Fontaine are perhaps the only ones of our writers whom readers of all ages and places understand and enjoy. There is no fear in playing any of his comedies before any spectators whatever, the common people and fashionable folk, ignorant and educated, college boys and ripe old men. All, once the curtain rises, are fascinated from the moment that the first burst of laughter rings through the hall, echoing from orchestra to amphitheatre.

There is a certain interest in searching out some of the chief causes of a success that is almost unique. I shall not dwell on those which particularly interested Molière himself, those, that is, which are capable of working effectively upon the throng of spectators, of influencing the impressions of those sovereign judges — not very refined, no doubt, but nevertheless of sound judgment — who constitute the general public. Most evident — evident, indeed, to the point of banality — is his *vis comica;* but the art of creating laughter is not easy, and if Molière knew all its varieties, from Scapin's whacks with a stick and the injections of Argan to the witty retorts of Climène, he has drawn more than anyone else upon the natural sources of laughter, those which continually cause it to burst from the lips of us all.

In his work, as in reality, the comic is most frequently the result of two contrasting figures perceived simultaneously. He seizes these contrasts and works them out by surrounding them with circumstances most likely to lead to their reception by, and their making an impression upon, his public. Argan,

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old and sick, would not be a ridiculous figure simply because he took medicine and feared death; what makes us laugh is Argan, fat and fit, trembling before the threats of a Purgon. Alceste is comic only because he is young, without genuine experience of life, and because his pseudo-misanthropy has for its cause misplaced love and the loss of a lawsuit.

The art of expressing the disproportion and antinomy between the value of causes and their effects, between the reasons for our actions and our actions themselves, and not only — as was the case among the Italian buffoons who were the principal masters of Molière — with an artificial and easy play of words and attitudes, such are the means whereby his comic force becomes irresistible. It brings into play a psychological law of our very nature.

It must be added that if he has drawn the comic effects which he produces from this law of contrasts, he has also drawn thence an element of tragedy. The incessant struggle between our character, our passions, our age, and our conditions, and the incoherence of the acts springing from this conflict in which our feebleness engages — here certainly is what makes up the buffoonery of life. Here man appears as a marionette with clumsy gestures which continuously contradict those demanded by sound reason. But this is a spectacle no less lamentable than laughable, and one of the principal reasons for Molière's success is his ability to make his auditor feel both the ridiculous and the sad together. There is a limit where laughter stops. A Plautus, a Regnard do not exceed it; but Molière goes beyond.

In witnessing the *Misanthrope*, *Tartufe*, even the *Malade Imaginaire*, the audience really joins in a great common feeling for humanity. The ridicule heaped upon our passions and our whims is but the mask for deeper-lying miseries, a vague consciousness of which stirs the collective soul of the crowd. Still more, the success of Molière is due to the gift which he possesses more than any other of our writers, no matter how human they have been — the gift of clarifying and 'humanizing' the subjects with which he deals, the characters that he studies, the lessons that he gives. Like others, he has unscrupulously taken his own wherever he found it; antiquity, Spain, Italy, his own surroundings, even his own life, have provided him with the materials for his work. He makes these materials simpler, and amid the confusion of his foreign models, amid the complexity that reality presents to him, he chooses, casts aside, retaining only those elements that the public can comprehend without difficulty, the only ones that can at the same time interest them. He is not merely an author — he is an actor also, a practical man of the theatre; he knows what goes home to the spectator; he knows what moves him. Between his auditor and himself he establishes from the very first a current of sympathy. He creates people for people. Others have had a more complex, more vigorous, more original philosophy; but it remains the philosophy of an esoteric band, a philosophy for thinkers only.

There has been a tendency of late to make of Pascal for France what Goethe is to Germany — the representative genius of the race; but however great he may be, Pascal will never represent all of France — only a clan, a religious or philosophic party. For not only are his polemics those of a coterie, but his thought interests only that aristocracy of the spirit which, above and beyond the contingencies and necessities of life, can lift itself to the contemplation of the eternal mysteries. But Molière, on the other hand, expresses in himself all

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that is France; he thinks like France. His moral teaching, because it is that of right reason and good sense, goes home to all the world. All understand it and approve it, for it wakens in us the age-old basis of wisdom that slumbers beneath the brutality of passions and the violence of interest.

It is interesting to study the transformation imposed by his luminous good sense on certain moral and social themes which he borrows from others. Take, for example, that which he treats in *Le Festin de Pierre*. The Spanish original examined a religious question which for a number of reasons seems to have been of primary importance to Spain in the first years of the seventeenth century, the question whether repentance *in extremis* is enough to save the sinner and whether faith in the last hour alone can atone for a life of sin and crime. The whole dramatic literature of Spain replies in the affirmative to this question, which — however appealing — has an interest primarily religious, special, even local.

What does it become in Molière's hands? A moral, even a social question, of its own time, it is true, and yet, in another sense, universal also. Birth, rank, fortune, a group of advantages that lift the individual above the common level — can they justify the man who benefits by them in subjecting to his passion or caprice a throng of feeble, defenseless folk, an Elvira, a Mathurine, a poor sinner, a M. Dimanche, and — to be more general — in placing himself above the laws, divine and human, that regulate society? It is the old question of collective rights opposed to the pretensions of a few favored souls to live without restraint at the expense of their fellows. Who does not feel the interest, even to-day, of a problem in religious casuistry thus broadened and made human?

Take *Tartufe* as another example. Why is this piece still alive to-day? Is it because of probable allusions to this or that figure of its own time? To a secret coterie whom Molière had personal reason to fear and hate? Is Tartufe real? What does it matter to us to-day? To us he is the eternal hypocrite, who yesterday was cloaking himself under religious garb and to-day guards his path with the unmeaning grimaces of the politician. The same duplicity, the same cynicism — only the cloak has changed its color.

Here is one of the chief secrets of Molière's popularity. He expresses a morality that he does not create, a morality which is not merely his own, but which, beyond all dogmas and the most ingenious systems, is none other than Morality itself. This is neither an individual creation nor the appendage of a coterie; it rests on the eternal foundation of reason and wisdom which is the common good of all humanity.

His psychology, like his morality, is simple, built on large lines, made for all readers and all publics. Taine reproached the seventeenth century with having created abstractions. So far as Molière is concerned, the reproach is only half justified, and certain individual traits, not merely moral, but physical as well, distinguish a number of his characters. It is true that their psychology is addressed to the multitude; it is, if I may say so, popular, whereas that of Racine is aristocratic. What knowledge of the human heart, what experience in the emotions, is required for true comprehension and understanding of the character of a Berenice, a Hermione, an Aggripine! What delicate shades of meaning, what elusive finesse in the study of these souls! They were created for an aristocracy, for a social environment which the life of the salon had rendered peculiarly cultivated.

Molière's characters, on the other

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hand, have simple hearts, minds not especially complex, comprehensible to any audience. The striking traits of their characters are not very numerous and yet are brought out into such striking relief that one comprehends and enters into them from the very first. He accomplishes this sometimes at the expense of psychological truth, for human nature is more varied, subtler, more difficult to grasp than these individuals whose construction is a little summary. But dramatic truth loses nothing from this simplification, and the public experiences an unconscious satisfaction because it need put forth no effort to comprehend them. . . .

But the art of creating these characters whose truth is not the same as that of nature — for nature is fugitive and changeable, whereas these abide and are permanent — may readily end in the creation of types which are in a way cold, conventional, and factitious, foreign to life. Now one of the surest reasons for the popularity of Molière is the intensity of the life that animates those figures, externally so abstract. His characters lean to the universal; but attitudes, gestures, words — everything whereby they show themselves to us — are personal, definitely their own, and individualize them. Vadius and Trissotin are portraits of pedants, false scholars, superior to the passing procession of reality; but their tones, their allusions, their compliments, like their insults, are individual to such a degree that it is not difficult to identify them and to discover behind their pseudonyms the living models that they reproduce. Though we should find it inaccurate, indeed, to say that every one of Molière's heroes is a dramatic transcript of a real personality, it is certain that the features of reality, sometimes individual, most frequently general, vivify them, every one.

These popular moral and psychological conceptions would not perhaps be enough to explain the universal success of Molière, were there not a particular quality of expression and style to be added. We have already alluded to the severe criticism of which this last has been the object, and space is lacking to study it. Let us merely note one characteristic that seems to us to contribute a great deal to the popularity of Molière's heroes — their art of expressing their feelings and emotions in phrases of a vigor that stamps them in every memory and with a simplicity that renders them comprehensible to every intellect.

It is for all these reasons that Molière has become one of the most popular of French writers, and one of those who have most faithfully represented abroad the genius of the average Frenchman.

A Corneille incarnates what there is in our race of élan and generous feeling, the readiness to sacrifice practical and immediate interests to a higher and disinterested cause. A Racine expresses that fineness, that quest of delicate shades of meaning, and that exquisite analysis of the sentiments, which constitute one of the ornaments of the French spirit and one of the charms of French salons. The love of clear and logical ideas, the need of order and method, and the rightness of intelligence are realized in the philosophy of a Descartes. A Voltaire translates the desire for justice and tolerance, the aversion for social and political iniquities, joined with enough tact, good humor, and sense for realities so that it does not degenerate into a brutal and violent revolt. The idealist raptures and the lyric enthusiasm, which a baseless prejudice would restrict to the northern races, have found their most splendid expression in Hugo's work.

Each of the variations of our temper-

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ament — its faults and virtues — has had a poet, a thinker, and an artist to express them; but there is one gift that is peculiarly our own, a gift that our complex origin, welding into a harmonious whole the characters of other races, has developed among us in supreme degree. This is the gift of measure and proportion, the innate feeling for what belongs to the moral order or to the intellectual order, in the social realm as well as in that of letters and the arts. This gift, the supreme attribute of reason, two men among us have possessed. Their names are inseparable: La Fontaine and Molière.

REMINISCENCES OF THE YORKSHIRE MOORLAND

BY A COUNTRY DOCTOR

From the *Cornhill, January*
(English Literary Monthly)

It has been said that the parson sees a man at his best, that the lawyer sees him at his worst, but that only the doctor sees him as he really is.

If that is the truth, as I think it is, I have only myself to thank if I cannot give a true picture of the life and character of the Yorkshire moorlander or, as the local phrase has it, moorpout (pout = pippit). During a long life spent in practice among this remarkable people I have had the fullest opportunity for becoming intimate with their life, their language, their ways of thinking, and their environment. And, though I make no claim to literary skill, I think that the book of my reminiscences, of which this paper is a forerunner, — raven or dove, — may be welcomed not only as an entertaining collection of Yorkshire stories, but as a faithful record of a phase of English life which is rapidly disappearing. Motors and railways have broken down the old isolation. Railways and schools are destroying the old speech. The old dialect words are more and more rarely heard. Local place-names are pronounced — and not only by railway porters — as they are spelt (Pumfret, for example, has become Pon-te-fract). The moral atmosphere of the great towns is, like the smoke of their chimneys, invading and obfuscating the life of the moorlanders. One hopes that some unforeseen good may compensate the obvious destruction, and regrets are proverbially vain; but it is difficult for one who has known and loved them to see disappear the characteristic speech and manners of what was the toughest and raciest breed of Englishmen, and make no effort to save them, at least, from oblivion.

The character of the Yorkshire moorlander is not perhaps superficially charming, any more than is the aspect of the moorlands on which he is bred. It is indeed a very close reflection of his natural environment, a bleak and exposed land where the hard, bony framework of the earth is but scantily clothed with soil. The climate is severe — 'nine months winter and three months cold

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weather' was a moorpout's epigrammatic description of it. Habitations are sparse, and the roads, bad at the best of times, are in winter frequently blocked with snow. I have many times had to put up my horse and trap several miles short of my destination and tramp it over snow-covered moors. In such a country the fittest who survive are the physically and mentally toughest and hardest, and these characteristics are accentuated by isolation and consequent inbreeding. Dwellers in towns, like stones in the pot-holes of a river-bed, have all their edges and peculiarities rounded off. On the moorlands there is so much elbowroom for everybody that individual eccentricities are fully developed, and the angles of character remain sharp and rugged. Ruggedness is perhaps the most prominent aspect of the moorlander's character. It takes the form of a directness of speech, and a hostility to 'furriners' and new-fangled ways, which the visitor from the south finds repellent at first contact, though on closer acquaintance he generally discovers and learns to value the virile honesty and generous warmth of heart which lie behind the rough exterior. The moorlander has a caustic tongue, which he uses on occasion without mercy. He is nimble in parry and thrust, and will chuckle for many a long day over a victory in the battle of tongues. 'Ah capped and larnt him' — 'Ah put t' capper on' will be his phrase as he relates his exploit over the friendly glass and pipe.

A Yorkshireman with a fancy for dogs met a friend out for a stroll with a dog, evidently a new possession. After critical examination of the animal he remarked:

'It 's a grand pup[1] ye 've gotten.'

'Aye, 't is,' was the reply.

'What dae ye want for it?'

'Ten pund.'

'It 's a hell of a price.'

'It 's a hell of a dog,' replied the Yorkshireman and walked on.

I once asked a shrewd Yorkshire farmer his honest opinion of a neighbor of his, another farmer, who, though a prominent Churchman, was a time-serving hypocrite of the worst type. 'Whya, ye see, Doctor,' my friend replied, 'bottomly [at bottom] he 's yan o' this soart. He 'd gan to t' chetch, tak t' sacriment, then sharpen his knife on a tombsteean, and cut his oan muther's throttle.'

As an example of ready repartee I may quote what was told me of an old parson friend, now sleeping his last sleep in God's Acre. One day he came across a farmer named Thackeray belaboring a donkey most unmercifully. He took him to task, expressing wonder that he could treat a poor dumb animal so cruelly. 'Don't forget, Thackra' (he concluded his rebuke), 'that it was on a donkey that Our Blessed Lord rode into Jerusalem.' 'Aye,' retorted Thackeray, 'an' if He'd bin on a lazy b—— like this, He would never have got there yet.'

An old Yorkshire widow — a tremendous 'character' — was being pestered by the deacon of a local chapel for a donation to the Circuit funds. He was notorious as a very keen and grasping man of business. He wound up his appeal thus: 'Noo, Mary, the Lord luvs a cheerful giver.' 'Aye,' riposted Mary, 'but he deeant luv a greedy takker.'

This deacon, with three or four other earnest members of the flock, conceived the idea of a house-to-house visitation and mission to bring back erring sinners to the fold. All went well until it came to old Mary's turn. After an explanation from them of their purpose, she rose to the situation at once. She carefully locked her kitchen door, and with the key safe in her capacious pocket, proceeded to rake up in turn some noto-

[1] Pronounced short *oo* as in soot.'

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rious sin and wickedness in the past history of each member of the mission. They had all been sinners and had become transformed into saints, on the same principle, I suppose, as poachers made the best gamekeepers. She had a very long memory and did not spare them. When they were 'fair maddled and mafted,' she finally allowed them to depart. But the mission came to an abrupt end.

The vicar of one parish, a former Cambridge don, walked into a parishioner's house and remarked, after the usual greetings, 'Featherstone, why do you never come to church?'

Featherstone: ''Cos I' m a Methody and allus gan to t' chapel.'

Vicar: 'What do you go there for? They don't teach sound doctrine.'

Featherstone: 'Mebbe not, but there's yan [one] thing they teach ye.'

Vicar: 'And what 's that, pray?'

Featherstone: 'They teach ye to take yer hats off when ye gan into uther foak's houses.'

On occasion the Yorkshireman can be laconic enough. A young and conceited cattle-dealer, whose affairs were not too satisfactory, meeting at a sheep fair an old, hardheaded, and very successful member of the same calling, clapped him on the back and remarked in a patronizing tone: 'Hoo are ye gettin' on, Broadwith?' The old man turned round and, seeing who it was, fairly hissed out, 'Hoo am Ah gettin' on? Thank ye, Ah' ve gotten on; an' that 's mair than ye 'll ever deea.'

Occasionally speech is replaced by symbolical action. Another cattle-dealer, asked by a country squire his opinion of a well-known farmer in the neighborhood, merely picked up a stray straw from the roadside and let it fall to the ground.

The figure known as meiosis is a favorite with the moor folk. 'How are you to-day?' I would ask a patient. 'Ah 's nae warse' (meaning that he was much better). 'Ah 've takken yer stuff and it 's doan me no hurt.' My stuff was doing him a great deal of good.

The rough, biting speech of the moorpout is the outcome and expression of his habit of mind. His active, vigorous brain has constantly to struggle with the hard facts of a nature which seldom smiles and seldom spares. Self-reliance, a keen eye for concrete actualities, toughness are the qualities which he repects. His independence is downright and uncompromising — as solid as the boulders of his native moorland. It challenges immediately the stranger, and especially the southerner who visits or settles in Yorkshire. Accustomed to the greater politeness of the south, he resents and deplores the Yorkshireman's 'terrible lack of good manners.' When taken to task the latter becomes yet more aggressively independent and more forcible in his language. One, who by long residence both in Yorkshire and in the south was well qualified to judge, very aptly described to me the difference between the two. The Yorkshireman, he said, tells you to your face what he thinks of you, whereas the southerner will tell his best friend. Good manners are very delightful, and play a great part in the making or marring of a man, but they may cloak an insincerity and servility which are abhorrent to the Yorkshireman. The latter will tell you he knows quite well what 'behavior' is, but before anyone is the recipient of Yorkshire politeness or hospitality he must be considered completely worthy of it. As a moorlander put it to me one day: 'Ah knaws what 's what. Ah knaws what things belongs, an' Ah knaws behavior. Ah owes nobody nowt an' Ah tooches my hat to no man wi' out he desarves it.' If many of the old Yorkshire squires are on terms of cordial familiarity with their servants, tenants,

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and poorer neighbors, it is precisely because they come of stocks in which long residence in the county has bred the qualities which the latter understand and respect. Some of the old squires whom I knew were quite proud of their Yorkshire speech, and often talked it as broadly as anyone. One, a baronet, who unfortunately drank heavily and was often carried to bed in a helpless state by one of my friends, was Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates in his district, but for a long time had dealt out justice in a ridiculously lenient fashion, carrying matters with a very high hand. At last his brother magistrates, tired of being ignored, held an indignation meeting, threatening to report him to the Lord Chancellor unless he mended his ways. He was very contrite, promising immediate amendment, but at the very first case which came before him soon afterwards completely forgot his promise. It was a double charge of assault and drunkenness. He pronounced sentence on this offender as follows: 'Noo then, for t' assault we 'll fine ye a shilling an' costs. As for t' droonkenness, we'll say nowt aboot it, as we get droonk oorsells.' This story recalls another. An habitual drunkard, taking stock of the Bench of Magistrates assembled to try his case, commented audibly to himself, 'Ah deeant care a damn for aud Pollard,' naming one of them. Unfortunately the remark was overheard by old Pollard, who retorted, 'An' aud Pollard deeant care a damn for thee.'

Some sixty years ago a local squarson of autocratic temperament, who was the proprietor of all the land, the houses, the trees, the streams, the church, and everything appertaining to his village except the canopy of the sky, took to task, as he hurried to take the Sunday morning service, a villager who had long annoyed him by never attending church. 'You never come to church, Thwaite,' he said angrily. 'Ah knaws that; tellin' yan weeant mak onny better of t' job,' replied the stubborn tyke. 'I will make you come to church,' threatened the squarson. 'Thou weeant dae nowt o' t' soart, an' thou weeant mak' me gan to t' chetch.' 'I will. If you don't come to church, I will turn you out of your cottage.' 'Damn ye, Ah tell ye Ah weeant gan to t' chetch an' naebody 'll mak me,' shouted Thwaite, as he turned his back on the parson, who strode on to the House of Prayer, full of holy wrath. He summoned the man the following week before the local court on the charge of using profane language, and the case came before the local magistrates — a famous sporting baronet and a retired army captain. Both these magistrates were very hard swearers themselves, and were much exercised in mind when they had heard the evidence. They secretly sympathized with the offender, and in their long consultation afterwards were delighted to find a way out. The baronet delivered judgment in the following terms: 'Now, Thwaite, you certainly used very bad language, but not profane language. If you had said "G—d damn you," that would have been profanity, but as you only said "Damn you," we dismiss the case.'

An old Yorkshire squire, a retired colonel, who was always busy poking about and seeing that his many retainers worked industriously in the station of life to which they had been called, was peering over a hedge and watching one of them, who was about as much of a character as himself, at work on the stone-heaps. Suddenly a large stone flew close past his head. 'Ashby! Ashby!' he angrily shouted. 'What the devil do you mean throwing big stones over the hedge like that? Do you know that nearly hit me on the head?' 'Oh! it 's ye, is it, Conneril?' replied Ashby in a tone of great surprise. 'Whya, thems that 's not favorable

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Ah allus exports an' just chucks em ower t' hedge.'

The following story shows the Yorkshireman's independence carried almost to the point of moral anarchy! A new vicar had been appointed to a very remote moorland living. He was very broad-minded, energetic, and anxious to be the father-confessor and consoler to all his parishioners, irrespective of sects and creeds. The Nonconformists, however, of whom there were many in the parish, held obstinately aloof, and would have no coöperation. Meeting one of the most prominent of them, an old sheep farmer, at supper one night, the vicar asked him point-blank why those of his persuasion did not give him a turn occasionally by attending the Parish Church. 'Whya,' was the explanation, 'it 's like this: ye see at t' chetch ye mak' ower mich of t' Ten Commendments, and we deeant reckon mich to 'em.' There were, it is true, occasional cases of sheep-stealing on those moors.

At its best the moorlander's vigorous independence is a quality which commands all respect; but it is apt to degenerate into a narrow exclusiveness, pig-headed stubbornness, and obstinacy in quarrel.

Of quarreling — 'threeapin' an' differin' ' — there was plenty. In old days a little blood-letting would have relieved the tension. But that safety-valve having gone out of fashion, the quarreling was all the more bitter and relentless. My friends quarreled in deadly earnest; they never forgave and they never forgot, and sometimes the feud went from father to son. They quarreled over their grazing and sporting rights, over their sheep and stock, over trickery in bargaining, and of course over those old bones of contention — wills, religion, and money. A declaration of purpose made in the presence of witnesses had almost the force of an oath. Personal pride and honor were involved in its observance. I knew a country joiner who was an industrious, clever, and honest workman. One day high words unfortunately arose between him and the vicar over some work he had done on the church pulpit, and before witnesses he had expressed himself very assertively and emphatically about Church parsons. Shortly afterward a new vicar was preferred to the living, who was a rich man and desirous of spending a large sum in repairs and alterations to the vicarage. He sent for my joiner friend and together they spent an hour over the contemplated work. To the vicar the man appeared strangely taciturn and almost absent-minded. In reality a terrible struggle was going on within him between self-advantage and self-pride, in which the latter eventually got the upper hand. When finally the vicar requested him to commence work at once, he fiercely turned round on him and hissed out: 'Ah sed — Ah 'd — never — deea — a-nuther — job — for — a Chetch parson — an' — Ah 'll warrant ye Ah weeant. Good arterneean.'

Another example from my personal experience. George Ashby quarreled with his lifelong friend Robert Kays over a business transaction, and declared in the hearing of neighbors that he would never so long as he lived cross his threshold again. As time went on his feelings toward Robert underwent some softening, and inwardly, or 'bottomly,' as they say in Yorkshire, he would have liked to be reconciled. But his strong assertion about the threshold stood in his way. However, a resourceful friend of both parties suggested a golden bridge — Why not take up the threshold and afterwards replace it by a new one? The suggestion was accepted; the threshold was taken up, and George Ashby reëntered his friend's house after thirty years' absence.

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The Yorkshireman has great difficulty in owning himself to be in the wrong. Two ladies of my acquaintance, driving alone over the moor, met a man with a horse and cart, and had great difficulty in passing him on the narrow road. He became exceedingly rude and abusive, so much so that the ladies afterwards wrote a strongly worded letter of complaint to the employer, whose name they had recognized on the cart. The latter wrote a most courteous letter in reply, promising that the man would come to apologize. When the carter arrived he was shown into their presence, and at once spoke as follows: 'Ah think ye war the two ladies Ah toad to gan to Hell t' other daay.' 'Yes, we were,' they replied. 'Well, ye 've nae 'casion' was the very curt apology.

If individuals could be quarrelsome and obstinate, communities could be equally so.

One day, when the countryside was attending the weekly market at the little country town of Muxley, a terrible snowstorm and blizzard occurred. In a short time the roads were hopelessly blocked and the walls and hedges obliterated by snowdrifts. News reached a moorland village that its market people had stuck fast on the high moorland road, and that all their conveyances were more or less completely buried. A large rescue party was hastily formed and set off on its mission of salvation with the stalwart village blacksmith at its head. The very first man they found was the parson, who with his pony and cart was almost out of sight in a deep ditch. It happened at the time that this parson was in very bad odor with his parishioners. There had been much 'threeapin' an' differin',' and the parson was for the moment the most unpopular man in the village. The delight with which he hailed the appearance of the rescuers was, in consequence, not reciprocated. Moorland wit was not slow to recognize that here was a golden opportunity sent by the gods to more than square the long account. There was a hurried consultation, after which the blacksmith delivered the ultimatum of the party: 'Noo, bide theesen wi' patience an' lang sufferin', for thou's t'varra last man we sall dig oot. Thar's Lang Tom, Bill o' Sturrocks, Toldrum, Stubbins, Tommie wid t' lads, and Tommie wid t' lasses, an' a seet mair as are all wanted at heeam to milk t' coos, feed t' pigs, sarve t' calves, and tend t' sheep. Thar's Cobbler Jack has gotten sum mair leather, an' thar's Mary Harper wi' a seet o' groceries that'll be as wet as mook. Noo we deeant want thee till Sunday, so bide thaar till we 've laated all t' rest.'

So the poor parson instead of being the first was the very last man to be rescued.

One more illustration of Yorkshire stubbornness. A moorlander, whose uncle had died in a distant workhouse, called on the vicar to arrange about the interment, which was to take place in the family grave in the old churchyard, and had been delayed for some reason. The man was by temperament a 'threeaper,' and his temper was not improved by being kept waiting for some time. It was in no amiable mood that he addressed the vicar. 'Noo then, we sall bring t' aud lad ten miles by t' road an' we reckin we sall be at t' chetch by three by t' clock or rather mair for t' sahdin' [burial] termorrow arterneean.' The vicar was not a man to be dictated to, and replied very decidedly: 'Oh! What about my convenience? You cannot have funerals just when you think fit.' 'We 're noan partickler ter half an hour or mair,' suggested the moorlander. 'I cannot possibly take the funeral to-morrow afternoon,' was the uncompromising answer. 'Thou means thou weeant try an' mannish it. Ah tell thee, uther foalk can be ez

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meean ez mookment teea. Ah 'll warrant ye we sall bring t' aud lad along in his box, an' if thou weeant hap t' job up, then we sall upend him agean t' chetch door, an' thou can sahd him whenever thou's a-mind.' With this the stubborn Yorkshireman strode away. The funeral took place at three o'clock the following afternoon without further ado.

Remoteness from railways and the necessity of wresting a livelihood from a niggardly soil condemned the moorlander to a life of assiduous labor. Many of my patients never wandered much farther than to the neighboring market towns. Many of the housewives seldom went even so far. There were men who had never been in a train. An isolated existence makes for simplicity and the survival of primitive habits in thought and action. Though it was a sheep-grazing and stock-breeding country, some corn was still grown. The seasons were often dreadfully late. I remember in one moorland parish the Church Harvest Festival service, arranged for the usual late date, was held before a single stook of corn had been 'led.' I have seen a farmer bring his corn, stook by stook, up to December, into his kitchen to be dried before the fire. The steam-thresher rarely penetrated to these inaccessibilities, the horse roundabout thresher being still used, or in the smallest farms the old hand flail.

One day I caught up a moorpout who was striding along the moorland road, and asked him after the health of his wife and daughter, whom I was attending. Without troubling to stop, he kept on at the same pace, answering my questions over his shoulder. This struck me as very rude and surly conduct, and a few days later I tackled him about it. His explanation was very simple. He was sexton of the moorland church, and it was his task to keep the clock in order. But he had no watch. He used to walk the eight miles over the moors to the nearest town every week to make his family purchases, and when ready to return would note the correct time of day by the post office clock. From long experience he knew almost to a minute how long it would take him, going at a fixed pace, to reach home. The clocks of the dale were then set by this highly scientific method. They were notoriously correct.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

BY AMY CLARKE

[New Witness]

He lingered by a sparrow dead
Outside the city gate;
'Commend me to our Sister Death
And say, she tarries late.'

'Ah, gentle brother! when her hand
Was kindly on thee laid' —
He strewed the red leaves once and twice —
'Perchance thou wast afraid.'

He kneeled and signed the cross above
The body where it lay;
'Christ keep thee safe, as He has kept
His servant to this day!

'The birds that haunt with music round
Our Mother Mary's throne,
While I go still on pilgrimage,
Receive thee as their own.'

He sighed and passed upon his way
With weary feet unshod;
'Thou fliest before me, little soul,
Already winged, to God.'

THE CRIPPLE

BY A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE

[New Witness]

In his heart great battles were about
Where he, a knight with plumes upon his head,
Felt his frail ears atremble at the shout
Of sweet acclaim . . . and yet he kept his bed
With twisted limbs that would not let him sleep,
And builded mountains he could never climb,
And curved slow rivers that he could not leap,
In worlds which were not his at any time.
But now the radiant playing-fields are his,
And now lightly uprisen he is gone
To take his place in the proud companies
That strove for laurels down by Marathon.

WAITING

BY E. C. HOLT

[Westminster Gazette]

The innkeepers
At the World's End
Look on travelers
As a godsend.

With port and sherry
Their tables groan,
But generally
They dine alone.

And whensoe'er
A traveler comes,
With talk and cheer
Each tavern hums;

And when he passes
To a far country,
They wipe the glasses
And wait patiently.

As the years come
And the years flee,
They sit in dumb
Expectancy.

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POEMS IN HONOR OF SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

Two English poets have celebrated in verse the death of Sir Ernest Shackleton. Both writers seem curiously impressed by the last entry that the distinguished Antarctic explorer made in his diary just six hours before his death: 'In the darkening twilight I saw a lone star hover gem-like above the bay,' and have wrought this beautiful passage into their verses.

Mr. Henry Grimshire, in the *Sunday Times*, plays upon the name of the ship in which Sir Ernest sailed upon his last voyage, the Quest: —

THE QUEST

Cast off the llnes! Horizon-hidden lies
The goal of our endeavor. Ave-Vale!
Swifter than thought our inmost vision flies
To scenes beyond a world outworn and stale.

Farewell! We go; th' Unknown within us cries,
Bids us forsake the streets, the homeland dale;
Bids us to launch upon some high emprise,
With courage to succeed or greatly fail.

The destin'd haven may be near or far,
Easy to gain or only won thro' death;
It troubles not, for by a quenchless star
We shall be guided — by the star of Faith:

Hope bends the oars; and see, spread forth above,
Sails that are bright upbearing wings of Love!

In the London *Times*, Mr. Charles Darling writes a sonnet in honor of the dead explorer: —

THE EPIPHANY — 1922

He saw the sign, and bowed his head, who last
Sought newer fame below the Southern Cross,
Beyond the boundary of gain or loss;
Thence on th' unlighted, trackless voyage passed
To endless silence, timeless, spaceless, vast;
Unfathomed; fenced by neither wall nor fosse;
Nor frozen seas are there, nor storms to toss
The ship aloft, or snap the straining mast.
Eternal star — the last to meet his sight —
Which came to pause awhile above the bay;
Then through the evening sparkled as a gem,
Gathering its lustre from the deepening night;
A point to mark the ending of the way.
Wert thou the star that stood o'er Bethlehem?

The last entries in Sir Ernest's diary are themselves of great interest, showing as they do the many-sided character of the man, his interest in poetry, exploration, nature, the sea; and the final entry is the more appropriate because it was written before the explorer had any intimation how near to death he actually was: —

January 1.

Rest and calm after the storm. The year has begun kindly for us.

It is curious how a certain date becomes a factor in one's life. Christmas Day in the raging gale seemed out of place. I dared not venture to hope that to-day would be as it was.

Anxiety has been probing deeply into me, for until the very end of the year things have gone awry.

Engines were unreliable; water was short; there were heavy gales — all that physically can go wrong has done so, but the spirit of all on board is sound and good. 'There are two points in the adventure of the diver: one when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge; one when, a prince, he rises with his pearl.'

January 2.

Another wonderful day and very cheerful for us after these last days of stress and strain.

At 1 P.M. we passed our first berg. The old familiar sight aroused in me memories that the strenuous years had deadened.

Blue caverns shone with the sky glow snatched from Heaven itself; green spurs showed beneath the waters. Ah, me! The years that have gone since, in the pride of young manhood, I first went forth to the fight. I grow old and tired, but must always lead on.

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January 3.

Another beautiful day. Fortune seems to attend us this New Year, but so anxious have I been that when things are going well I wonder what new difficulty will spring on me.

I find a difficulty in settling down to write. I am so much on the qui vive. 'Thankful that I can be crossed and thwarted as a man.'

January 4.

At last, after sixteen days of turmoil and anxiety, on a peaceful, sunshiny day, we came to anchor in Grytviken (South Georgia).

How familiar the coast seemed!

As we passed down we saw with full interest the places we struggled over after the boat journey. [A reference to his crossing of South Georgia in 1916, when, after the loss of the Endurance, Shackleton pressed on with two companions in an open boat and made South Georgia, in his effort to get relief for his comrades.]

Now we must speed all we can; but the prospect is not too bright, for labor is scarce.

The old familiar smell of whale permeates everything. It is a strange and curious place. Douglas and Wilkins [geologist and naturalist respectively] are at different ends of the island.

In the darkening twilight I saw a lone star hover gem-like above the bay.

The Diary ends here. Six hours later, Sir Ernest was dead.

❦

ROMAN LONDON

Beneath the busiest of London's thoroughfares, thirteen feet below the level at which modern traffic swarms all day, recent excavations have disclosed the walls of a Roman building. A ditch that was being dug for the purpose of laying telephone cables was the immediate cause of the discovery. The face of a thick wall covered with painted plaster has now been cleared. The structure is backed with ragstone and the usual Roman bonding-tile of bright-red burnt clay to a thickness of two feet, nine inches. After this wall had been laid bare for a space of ten feet, another appeared, running at right angles to the first, but much thicker.

The colored plaster on the wall indicates that it was the interior of either a public building or the home of a wealthy citizen. Rather perplexingly, however, the lower part of the building seems to have been filled up even during Roman times, for at a depth of only eight and a half feet from the surface, the workmen came on a pavement of red *tesserae* (tiles), resting on a carefully prepared bed lying on the original floor. First came a layer of beaten earth, then earth mixed with mortar, then a layer of loose stone, and finally, dressed red mortar in which the tesserae were imbedded. Apparently the preservation of the plaster on the face of the wall is due to this fill above the earlier floor. The plaster still retains the lower part of square panels painted in black outlined with simple ornamentation, and appears to have been colored in imitation of marble. It seems impossible to remove any of the structure except the tiles, and the old walls will again be covered with earth when the telephone cables are laid.

The newly discovered walls have varied significance. First of all, they appeared at the usual depth of thirteen feet, at which the remains of the buried city are generally encountered, although sometimes the excavator has to penetrate still deeper. In the second place, Gracechurch Street, where they were uncovered, is close to Leadenhall, where some years ago other excavations revealed extensive ruins, which the late Sir Laurence Gomme regarded as probably marking the forum of the ancient city. The old walls now unearthed are probably associated with

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the same group of buildings. Still a third significance attaches to the ruins, which will probably lie for years to come beneath the busy hum of traffic overhead. The ancient building evidently stood right in the middle of the present Gracechurch Street. Evidently then, the mediæval street, which the modern Gracechurch Street pretty certainly follows, had no relation to the old Roman street, for it must, of course, have cleared the ancient building. This is one more reason for believing that the London of to-day has not come down in a line of unbroken descent from the London of the Romans. As the *Daily Telegraph* observes, 'the dark centuries still remain dark.'

IN CAMP WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES

SPACIOUS cities of tents have sprung up here and there throughout India as the Prince of Wales with his extensive suite has proceeded from one native court to another. No ordinary tents, however, house the followers of the Prince. Each tent stands between strips of green lawn with pots of flowering plants about it, and on the inside the temporary dwellings are lined with printed cotton of soft ochre-yellow, stamped with conventional sepia designs. The main room may be twenty feet long by fifteen feet wide, with smaller rooms opening off, a dressing-room, with dressing-table and chest of drawers, and a bathroom. The main room is likely to resemble a comfortably appointed study, with a writing-table, deep easy-chairs, tiger skins or heavy rugs; and everywhere the tents are lighted by electricity.

A correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the hospitality offered by the Maharajah of Jodhpur: —

Above all, what will live in everyone's mind are the two magnificent tents at Jodhpur. Can you imagine a tent which is fifty yards long (yes, yards, not feet) by thirty-five feet high? It takes three hundred men to set it up — the poles are the masts of great ships — and it came, the main framework, originally from the sack of Delhi by the Rajputs two hundred years ago. There were really two tents, twins, the first being a great durbar or drawing-room tent, strewn about with lounges, sofas, card tables, rugs and skins, and, in the centre, with a red carpet leading to it, a cloth-of-gold daïs and canopy with two noble gold Chairs of State. From this tent one passed to the second tent, a vast banqueting hall set with numbers of tables. Both tents were lined with pale blue and white, in alternate vertical stripes, broadening at the ground to two feet wide. The effect, with the size and height, was beautiful by day, but, in the electric light, more brilliant still at night.

How much of the original fabric of two centuries ago can now survive in this country, where white ants have a tendency to make all things ephemeral, it is difficult to find out. Perhaps, like the famous schoolboy's knife, it has only a sentimental eternity. Outside the city of Jodhpur, in the suburb of Maha Mandir, are two palatial buildings, in one of which lives the Maharajah's confidential priest. In the other, close by, lives the ghost of the priest's predecessor, sleeping (one hopes ghosts sleep!) in a bed with a lovely golden canopy over it. Visitors may go over the building, but no living person sleeps in it. It may be that the old tent of Delhi lives in much the same spiritual way, continually reincarnated in new canvas, new poles and ropes. But it must surely be the most beautiful tent in the world, and ought, therefore, never to be allowed to die.

The ephemerality of the ordinary canvas cities prompts to moralizing. The immense labor of their erection, itself only a detail of all the labor that is performed in the illuminations, decorations, parades, rehearsals, and preparations for fêtes and banquets and durbars and balls, — all in order that the Prince who comes one day and goes the next may be worthily entertained, — is an astounding thing. Not that we, who share his pleasure, disapprove. We shall hardly enjoy such sumptuousness again; for India is the only country where it could be.

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WILLIAM MORRIS'S 'PONY'

A WELL-KNOWN London journalist, who modestly veils himself behind the pseudonym of 'Historicus,' is contributing a series of reminiscences to the *Methodist Times*. This writer vouches for the truth of the astonishing assertion that William Morris used the assistance of a translation in making his version of the Odyssey. 'Historicus' asserts that he caught the poet in the very act. Morris explained that his Greek was rather rusty. When his visitor asked why he did not at least use a good translation, — he was using a very poor piece of hack work published in a cheap library, — such as that which had just been published by Butcher and Lang, the poet replied that those translators had modeled their work on the semi-Norse English which is distinctive of his own verse and prose. He feared that if he used them, a reminiscence of their phrases, so like his own, would stick in his head and hinder his versification. With a touch of sly humor he added that there was small chance of the miserable translation he was actually using, sticking in his head.

LEWIS CARROLL AND LONGFELLOW

WHEN Lewis Carroll wrote his parody of Longfellow, *Hiawatha's Photographing*, he prefixed this short introduction to it: —

> In an age of imitation, I can claim no special merit for this slight attempt at doing what is known to be so easy. Any fairly practised writer with the slightest ear for rhythm could compose, for hours together, in the easy-running metre of 'The Song of Hiawatha.'

Scores of his readers probably read this ostensible 'prose' introduction without realizing that the facetious parodist was actually pulling their literary legs. Make a trifling rearrangement of the lines, and lo, the 'prose' emerges as the typical metre of the parodied poem: —

> In an age of imitation,
> I can claim no special merit
> For this slight attempt at doing
> What is known to be so easy.
> Any fairly practised writer
> With the slightest ear for rhythm
> Could compose, for hours together,
> In the easy-running metre,
> Of 'The Song of Hiawatha.'

BOOKS MENTIONED

VON ZOBELTITZ, FEODOR. *Chronik der Gesellschaft unter dem letzten Kaiserreich*. Hamburg: Alster-Verlag.

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